

# ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

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## BLACK SHEEP!

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LAND AT LAST," "KISSING THE ROD," &c. &c.

### BOOK III.

#### CHAPTER VII. DURING THE LULL.

On the appointed day, at the appointed hour, Mr. Felton, accompanied by his nephew, called on Mrs. P. Ireton Bembridge, who received the two gentlemen with no remarkable cordiality. Coquetry was so inseparable from her nature and habits, that she could not forbear from practising a few of her fascinations upon the younger man, and she therefore relaxed considerably from the first formality of her demeanour after a while. But George Dallas was the least promising and encouraging of subjects for the peculiar practice of the beautiful widow, and he so resolutely aided his uncle in placing the conversation on a strictly business footing, and keeping it there, as to speedily convince the lady that he was entirely unworthy of her notice. She was not destitute of a certain good nature: which rarely fails to accompany beauty, wealth, and freedom, and she settled the matter with herself by reflecting that the young man was probably in love with some pretty girl, to whom he wrote his verses, and considered it proper to be indifferent to the attractions of all female charmers beside. She did not resent his inaccessibility; she merely thought of it as an odd coincidence that Mr. Felton's nephew should be as little disposed to succumb to love as Mr. Felton himself, and felt inclined to terminate the interview as soon as possible. Consequently, she made her replies to Mr. Felton's questions shorter and colder as they succeeded one another, so that he felt some difficulty in putting that particular query on which George had laid restricted stress. He did not perceive how deep and serious his nephew's misgivings had become, and George grasped at every excuse that presented itself for deferring the awakening of fears which, once aroused, must become poignant and terrible. He had learned from Mrs. P. Ireton Bembridge some of the facts which she had communicated to Routh: young Felton's intention of visiting Homburg at about the period of the year which they had then reached; his departure from Paris, and the unbroken

silence since maintained towards her as towards Mr. Felton himself. The information she had to give was in itself so satisfactory, so tranquillising, that Mr. Felton, who had no reason to expect obedience from his son, felt all his fears—very dim and vague in comparison with those which had assailed George's mind—assuaged. It was only when his nephew had given him some very expressive looks, and he had seen the fine dark eyes of Mrs. P. Ireton Bembridge directed unequivocally towards the allegorical timepiece which constituted one of the chief glories of the Schwarzschild mansion, that he said:

"My nephew has never seen his cousin, Mrs. Bembridge, and I have no likeness of him with me. I know you are a collector of photographs; perhaps you have one of Arthur?"

"I had one, Mr. Felton," replied Mrs. Bembridge, graciously, "and would have shown it to Mr. Dallas with pleasure yesterday, but, unfortunately, I have lost it in some unaccountable way."

"Indeed," said Mr. Felton; "that is very unfortunate. Was it not in your book, then?"

"I wore it in a locket," said the lady, with a very slight accession to the rich colour in her cheek—"a valuable gold locket, too. I am going to have it cried."

"Allow me to have that done for you," said Mr. Felton. "If you will describe the locket, and can say where you were yesterday, and at what time, I will take the necessary steps at once; these may not succeed, you know; we can but try."

So Mrs. Bembridge described the lost trinket accurately, and the visit came to a conclusion. As the two gentlemen were leaving the house, they met Mr. Carruthers, who accosted Mr. Felton with stately kindness, and, entering at once into conversation with him, prevented the interchange of any comment upon the interview which had just taken place between the uncle and nephew. George left the elder gentlemen together, and turned his steps towards Harriet's lodgings. In a few minutes he met her and joined her in her walk, as Routh had seen from the window.

He stood there, long after George and Harriet had passed out of sight, thinking, with sullen desperate rage, of all she had said. He felt like an animal in a trap. All his care and cunning,

all his caution and success, had come to this. It was strange, perhaps—if the probability or the strangeness of anything in such a condition of mind as his can be defined—that he seldom thought of the dead man. No curiosity about him had troubled the triumph of Routh's schemes. He had met so many men in the course of his life who were mere waifs and strays in the world of pleasure and swindling, who had no ties and no history; about whom nobody cared; for whom, on their disappearance from the haunts in which their presence had been familiar, nobody inquired, that one more such instance, however emphasised by his own sinister connexion with him, made little impression on Stewart Routh. Looking back now in the light of this revelation, he could not discover that any intimation had ever been afforded to, or had ever been overlooked by him. The dead man had never dropped a hint by which his identity might have been discovered, nor had he, on the other hand, ever betrayed the slightest wish or purpose of concealment, which probably would have aroused Routh's curiosity, and set his investigative faculties to work. He had never speculated, even at times when all his callousness and cynicism did not avail to make him entirely oblivious of the past, on the possibility of his learning anything of the history of Philip Deane; he had been content to accept it, as well as its termination, as among the number of the wonderful mysteries of this wonderful life, and had, so far as in him lay, dismissed the matter from his mind. Nothing that had ever happened in his life before had given him such a shock as the discovery he had made yesterday. The first effect on him has been seen; the second, ensuing on his conversation with his wife, was a blind and desperate rage, of a sort to which he had rarely yielded, and of whose danger he was dimly conscious, even at its height. He was like a man walking on a rope at a giddy elevation, to whom the first faint symptoms of vertigo were making themselves felt, who was invaded by the death-bringing temptation to look down and around him. The solemn and emphatic warning of his wife had had its effect upon his intellect, though he had hardened his heart against it. It was wholly impossible that her invariable judgement, perception, and reasonableness—the qualities to which he had owed so much in all their former life—could become immediately valueless to a man of Routh's keenness; he had not yet been turned into a fool by his sudden passion for the beautiful American; he still retained sufficient sense to wonder and scoff at himself for having been made its victim so readily; and he raged and rebelled against the conviction that Harriet was right, but raged and rebelled in vain.

In the whirl of his thoughts there was fierce torture, which he strove unavailingly to subdue: the impossibility of evading the discovery which must soon be made; the additional crime by which alone he could hope to escape suspicion; a sudden unborn fear that Harriet would fail him in this need—a fear which simply

signified despair—a horrid, baffled, furious helplessness; and a tormenting, overmastering passion for a woman who treated him with all the calculated cruelty of coquetry—these were the conflicting elements which strove in the man's dark, bad heart, and rent it between them, as he stood idly by the window where his wife had been accustomed to sit and undergo her own form of torture.

By degrees one fear got the mastery over the others, and Routh faced it boldly. It was the fear of Harriet. Suppose the worst came to the worst, he thought, and there was no other way of escape, would she suffer him to sacrifice George? He could do it; the desperate resource which he had never hinted to her was within his reach. They had talked over all possibilities in the beginning, and had agreed upon a plan and direction of flight in certain contingencies, but he had always entertained the idea of denouncing George, and now, by the aid of Jim Swain, he saw his way to doing so easily and successfully. Harriet had always been a difficulty, and now the obstacle assumed portentous proportions. He had no longer his old power over her. He knew that; she made him feel this in many ways; and now he had aroused her jealousy. He felt instinctively that such an awakening was full of terrible danger; of blind, undiscoverable peril. He did not indeed know by experience what Harriet's jealousy might be, but he knew what her love was, and the ungrateful villain trembled in his inmost soul as he remembered its strength, its fearlessness, its devotion, its passion, and its unscrupulousness, and thought of the possibility of all these being arrayed against him. Not one touch of pity for her, not one thought of the agony of such love betrayed and slighted; of her utter loneliness; of her complete abandonment of all her life to him, intruded upon the tumult of his angry mind. He could have cursed the love which had so served him, now that it threatened opposition to his schemes of passion and of crime. He did curse it, and her, deeply, bitterly, as one shade after another of fierce evil expression crossed his face.

There was truth in what she had said, apart from the maudlin sentiment from which not even the strongest-minded woman, he supposed, could wholly free herself—there was truth, a stern, hard truth. He could indeed escape now, taking with him just enough money to enable them to live in decent comfort, or to make a fresh start in a distant land, where only the hard and honest industries thrive and came to good. How he loathed the thought! How his soul sickened at the tame, miserable prospect! He would have loathed it always, even when Harriet and he were friends and lovers; and now, when he feared her, when he was tired of her, when he hated her, to contemplate such a life *now*, was worse—well, not worse than death, that is always the worst of all things to a bad man, but something too bad to be thought of. There was truth in what she had said, and the knowledge of what was in his own thoughts, the

knowledge she did not share, made it all the more true. Supposing he determined to denounce George, and supposing Harriet refused to aid him, what then? Then he must only set her at defiance. If such a wild impossibility as her betraying him could become real, it would be useless. She was his wife; she could not bear witness against him; in that lay his strength and security, even should the very worst, the most inconceivably unlikely of human events, come to pass. And he would set her at defiance! He kept up no reticence with himself now. Within a few days a change had come upon him, which would have been terrible even to him, had he studied it. He hated her. He hated her, not only because he had fallen madly in love with another woman and was day by day becoming more enslaved by this new passion: not chiefly even because of this, but because she was a living link between him and the past. That this should have happened now! That she should have right and reason, common sense, and all the force of probability on her side, in urging him to fly, now—now when he was prospering, when the success of a new speculation in which he had just engaged would, with almost absolute certainty, bring him fortune,—this exasperated him almost to the point of frenzy.

Then there arose before his tossed and tormented mind the vision of a blissful possibility. This other beautiful, fascinating woman, who had conquered him by a glance of her imperial eyes, who had beckoned him to her feet by a wave of her imperial hand—could he not make her love him well enough to sacrifice herself for him also? Might he not escape from the toils which were closing around him into a new, a glorious liberty, into a life of wealth, and pleasure, and love? She had yielded so immediately to the first influence he had tried to exert over her; she had admitted him so readily to an intimacy to whose impropriety, according to the strict rules of society, she had unhesitatingly avowed herself aware and indifferent; she had evinced such undisguised pleasure in his society, and had accepted his unscrupulous homage so unscrupulously, that he had as much reason as a coarse-minded man need have desired for building up a fabric of the most presumptuous hope.

As these thoughts swept over him, Routh turned from the window, and began again to stride up and down the room. His dark face cleared up, the hot blood spread itself over his sallow cheek, and his deep-set eyes sparkled with a sinister light. The desperate expedient to which he had resorted on the previous day had gained him time, and time was everything in the game he designed to play. The discovery would not be made for some time by George Dallas. When it should be made, his triumph might be secured, he might be beyond the reach of harm from such a cause, safe in an elysium, with no haunting danger to disturb. The others concerned might be left to their fate—left to get out of any difficulty that might arise, as best

they could. The time was short, but that would but inspire him with more courage and confidence; the daring of desperation was a mood which suited Stewart Routh well.

Hours told in such cases. The fire and earnestness with which he had spoken to the beautiful widow had evidently surprised and, he thought, touched her. If the demonstration had not been made in his own favour, but in that of another, no one would have more readily understood than Stewart Routh how much beauty of form and feature counts for in the interpretation of emotion, how little real meaning there may be in the beam of a dark bright eye, how little genuine emotion in the flush of a rose-tinted cheek. But it was his own case, and precisely because it was, Stewart Routh interpreted every sign which his captor had made according to his wishes rather than by the light of his experience. Indeed, he had little experience of a kind to avail him in the present instance; his experience had been of stronger, even more dangerous types of womanhood than that which Mrs. Bembridge represented, or of the infinitely meaner and lower. As he mused and brooded over the vision which had flashed upon him, not merely as a possibility to be entertained, as a hope to be cherished, but as something certain and definite to be done, his spirits, his courage, his audacity rose, and the dark cloud of dread and foreboding fell from him. He had so long known himself for a villain, that there was not even a momentary recoil in his mind from the exceeding baseness of the proceeding which he contemplated.

"I can count upon a fortnight," he said to himself, while completing a careful toilet, "and by that time I shall either be away from all this with her, or I shall be obliged to put George Dallas in jeopardy. If I fail with her—but I won't think of failure; I cannot fail." He left a message for Harriet, to the effect that he should not dine at home that day (but without any explanation of his further movements), and went out.

"I do not see the force of your reasons for objecting to my introducing you to my mother," said George Dallas to Harriet. Mrs. Carruthers had passed them in an open carriage during their walk, and George had urged Harriet to make his mother's acquaintance.

"Don't you?" she replied, with a smile in which weariness and sadness mingled. "I think you would, if you thought over them a little. They include the necessity for avoiding anything like an unpleasant or distressing impression on her mind, and you know, George," she said, anticipating and silencing deprecation by a gesture, "if she remembers your mention of me at all, she can remember it only to be distressed by it; and the almost equally important consideration of not incurring your step-father's anger in any way."

"As for that, I assure you he is everything that is kind to me now," said George.

"I am happy to hear it; but do not, therefore, fall into an error which would come very easy to your sanguine and facile temperament. Be sure he is not changed in his nature, however modified he may be in his manners. Be quite sure he would object to your former associates just as strongly as ever; and remember, he would be right in doing so. Will you take my advice once more, George? You have done it before——" she stopped, and something like a shudder passed over her; "let bygones be completely bygones. Never try to associate the life and the home that will be yours for the future with anything in the past—least, oh least of all, with us."

"What do you mean, Mrs. Routh?" George asked her, eagerly. "Do you mean that you want to give me up? I know Routh does—he has not spoken to me a dozen times of his own accord since he has been here—but you, do *you* want to get rid of me?"

She paused for a moment before she answered him. Should she say Yes, and be done with it? Should she let things drift on to the inevitable end, yielding to the lassitude of mind and body which was stealing over her? Should she gain another argument to use in a renewed appeal to her husband for the flight in which she saw the sole prospect of safety, by providing herself with the power of telling him a rupture had taken place between herself and Dallas, and her power of guiding him was gone? The temptation was strong, but caution, habitual to her, instinctive in her, restrained her. Not yet, she thought; this may be my next move. George repeated his question:

"Do you mean that *you* want to get rid of me?"

"No," she answered, "I do not, George. I was only led into overstating what I do want, that you should conform to your step-father's reasonable wishes. He has been generous to you, be you just towards him."

"I will," said George, warmly. "I wonder how far he will carry his newly-found good will. I wonder——" he paused; the name of Clare Carruthers was on his lips; in another moment he would have spoken of her to Harriet. He would have told her of the self-reproach, mingled, however, with hope, which daily grew and throve in the congenial soil of his sanguine nature; he would have pierced Harriet's heart with a new sorrow, a fresh remorse, by telling her of another life, young, innocent, and beautiful, involved in the storm about to burst, whose threatenings were already sounding in the air. But it was not to be—the name of Clare Carruthers was never to be spoken by George to Harriet. Apparently she had not heard his last words; her attention had strayed; she was very weary.

"I must go home," she said, abruptly. "We are close to your mother's house. You had better go to her now; she has returned from her drive."

"Let me see you home," said George; "pray don't dismiss me in this way."

"No, no," she said, hurriedly; "let me have my own way, please. You will come to me to-morrow, and let me know your plans."

She stood still, and put out her hand so decidedly in the attitude of farewell, that he had no choice but to take leave of her. They parted on the shaded road, close to the garden gate of Mr. Carruthers's house. As Harriet walked away with her usual rapid step, George looked after her very sadly.

"She is fearfully changed," he said; "I never saw anything like it. Since I went to Amsterdam she might have lived twenty years and been less altered. Can it be that my uncle is right, that Routh ill-treats her? I wonder if there's any truth in what those fellows said last night about him and Mrs. P. Ireton? If there is, it's an infernal shame—an infernal shame." And George Dallas opened the little gate in the wall, and walked up the garden with a moody countenance, on which, however, a smile showed itself as he lifted his hat gaily to his mother, who nodded to him from the window above. His spirits rose unaccountably. The positive information which Mrs. Bembridge had afforded Mr. Felton relative to his son's expected arrival had immensely relieved George's mind. He was satisfied with the progress of his novel; day by day his mother's health was improving. His prospects were bright. The distressing recollection of Deane, and the unhappy consequences of the tragedy, were becoming light and easy to him; sometimes he forgot all about it. If he could but win his step-father's confidence and regard sufficiently to induce him to pardon his clandestine acquaintance with Clare, he would be altogether happy. How serene and beautiful the weather was! He stood in the verandah, which extended into the garden, bare-headed, and inhaled the sweet air with keen pleasure. His impressionable nature readily threw off care and caught at enjoyment.

"It's such a glorious afternoon, mother," he said, as he entered Mrs. Carruthers's sitting-room; "I am sure you must have enjoyed your drive."

"I did, very much," his mother replied. "The air seems rather closer, I think, since I came in. I fancy we shall have a storm."

"Oh no," said George, carelessly. Then he said: "Shall I read you my last chapter? I want to post it this evening. It's a funny chapter, mother. I bring in the queer old bookseller I told you about, who persisted in being his own banker."

"I remember, George. What are you looking at?" He had taken up a letter from the table beside her, and was scrutinising the address closely. "Are you admiring the handwriting? That is a letter from Clare Carruthers."

"Oh," said George. And he laid down the letter, and went to fetch his manuscript. So it was she who had forwarded Mr. Felton's letters to him. Ellen must have asked her to do so—must, therefore, have talked of him—have men-



tioned him in some way. But had she done so in a manner to arouse any suspicion in Clare's mind of his identity? Did Clare remember him? Did she think of him? Would she forgive him when she should know all? These, and scores of cognate questions, did George Dallas put vainly to himself while he read to his mother a chapter of his novel, which certainly did not gain in effect by his abstraction. It pleased the listener, however, and she knew nothing of his preoccupation; and as he made the packet up for post he came to a resolution that on the following day he would tell Harriet "all about it," and act on her advice.

With nightfall the wind arose, and a storm blew and raged over the little white town, over the dark range of the Tannus, over the lighted gardens deserted by their usual frequenters, and, all unheeded, over the brilliant rooms where the play, and the dancing, and the music, the harmless amusement, and the harmful devilment went on just as usual. It blew over the house where Harriet lived, and raged against the windows of the room in which she sat in silence and darkness, except for the frequent glimmer which was thrown into the apartment from the street light, which shuddered and flickered in the rain and wind. Hour after hour she had sat there throughout the quiet evening during the lull, and when the darkness fell and the storm rose she laid her pale cheek against the window-pane and sat there still.

The shaded roads were deeply strewn with fallen leaves next day, and the sun-rays streamed far more freely through the branches, and glittered on pools of water in the hollows, and revealed much devastation among the flower-beds. Rain and wind had made a wide-spread excursion that night; had crossed the Channel, and rifled the gardens and the woods of Poynings, and swept away a heavy tribute from the grand avenue of beeches and the stately clump of sycamores which Clare Carruthers loved.

George had finished a drawing very carefully from the sketch which he had made of the avenue of beeches, and, thinking over his approaching communication to Harriet, he had taken the drawing from its place of concealment in his desk, and was looking at it, wondering whether the storm of the past night had done mischief at the Sycamores, when a servant knocked at the door of his room. He put the drawing out of sight, and bade the man come in. He handed George a note from Harriet, which he read with no small surprise.

It told him that Routh had been summoned to London, on important business, by a telegram—"from that mysterious Flinders, no doubt," thought George, as he looked ruefully at the note—and that they were on the point of starting from Homburg. "Seven o'clock" was written at the top of the sheet. They were gone then; had been gone for hours. It was very provoking. How dreary the place looked after the storm! How chilly the air

had become! How much he wished Arthur would "turn up," and that they might all get away!

### OATHS.

WHAT is the definition of an oath? Is an oath in every case binding? Are there not cases where a man is justified in breaking his oath?

Oaths may be divided into many categories; they are as numerous and diverse as the constellations in the heavens. There are compulsory oaths; there are voluntary oaths. There are oaths which emanate from the innermost depths of a man's heart, and lie by his heart's side, as a sword does by the side of his body—ready for action, within his grasp, yet under his control.

In the intercourse of social life the word of a man of honour is equivalent to an oath. A man capable of breaking his word is capable of breaking his oath. A man who takes an oath in a legal form and breaks it becomes liable to the penalties adjudged by law. Some oaths are purely formal. Custom has sanctioned them as such.

"Let your communication," says St. Matthew, "be Yea, yea; nay, nay; for whatever is more than these cometh of evil."

Here we have the real value of an oath reduced to its simple and primeval form and purpose. Oaths date as far back as Noah. The Almighty made a covenant that there should never be a second flood.

The witness was the first rainbow.

Abraham, anxious that his son Isaac should not marry a daughter of the Canaanites, but one of his own kindred, made the eldest servant of his house take an oath to see his wish fulfilled. The manner in which that oath was administered is peculiar. The servant put his hand under the thigh of Abraham, and swore unto him. Rebecca became the wife of Isaac.

When Jacob took an oath with Labuan, they raised a pyramid of stones, which they named "the pyramid of witnesses."

As we proceed through the Biblical legends, we find that the children of Israel, obedient to an oath, embalmed the body of Joseph, and put it in a coffin in Egypt. In Numbers, Moses lays down the law about oaths clearly enough until he comes to the widows, where he breaks down. In Deuteronomy, an oath once "taken to the Lord" is declared inviolable. "That which has gone out of thy lips thou shalt keep and perform."

In the Acts, we find that certain Jews bound themselves under "a great curse" not to eat anything until they had slain Paul.

Are rash oaths to be kept? We say, No. Would it not have been more pleasing to the Lord, if Jephtha had spared his innocent child, and if Herod had declined to give Herodias John the Baptist's head in a charger? In our times, twelve honest Jews would have convicted Herod of wilful murder, and Herodias would,

with her mother, have been sent to a penitentiary.

The administration of an oath in judicial proceedings was introduced by the Saxons into England in the year of our Lord 600. The oath administered to a judge was settled in 1344. The oath of supremacy was first administered to British subjects, and ratified by parliament in 1535. The oath of allegiance was first framed and administered in 1605. The oath of abjuration, an obligation to maintain the government of king, lords, and commons, the Church of England, and toleration of Protestant dissenters, and abjuring all catholic pretenders to the crown, was taken in 1701. Oaths were taken on the Gospels as early as A.D. 528; and the words, "So help me, God and all saints," concluded an oath until 1550. The test and corporation oaths were modified in 1828. Acts abolishing oaths in the Customs and Excise departments, and in certain other cases, substituting declarations in lieu thereof, were passed in 1831. An affirmation instead of an oath, as regards Separatists, was admitted in 1837. In 1858 and 1860, Jews, elected members of parliament, were relieved from part of the oath of allegiance. In fact, if we take a rapid glance from the Deluge to the 26th July, 1858, when Baron Rothschild took his seat as M.P. for London, the startling conviction forces itself upon us that we are gradually coming to the "Yea, yea, and nay, nay," of St. Matthew.

The Test Act is a statute of Charles the Second, directing all officers, civil and military, under government, to receive the sacrament according to the forms of the Church of England, and to take the oaths against transubstantiation. This statute was enacted in March, 1673. The Test and Corporation Acts were repealed in 1828. This repealing act is entitled "An Act for repealing so much of several Acts as impose the necessity of receiving the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper as a qualification for certain offices and employments."

Quakers conscientiously objecting to oaths, their simple affirmation was accepted instead for the first time in 1696. The "affirmation" was altered in 1702, 1721, 1837, and in April, 1859. The indulgence was granted to persons who were formerly Quakers, but who had seceded from that sect, in 1838, and extended to other dissenters in Scotland in 1855. Quakers were relieved from oaths when elected to municipal offices, by an act which extended relief generally to all conscientious Christians of the Established Church, in 1828.

The Jews Oaths of Abjuration Bill had a fierce contest. Several times it passed in the Commons, and was thrown out in the Lords (1854-1857). In July, 1858, an act was passed by resolution of the House to enable Jews to sit in parliament; and, as stated above, on the 26th of July of that year, Baron Rothschild took his seat as M.P. for London, to commemorate which event he endowed a scholarship in the City of London School.

The forms of oath are different in the various

sects of Christians, and also amongst infidels. The Roman Catholics on the Continent swear by raising the hand; the Scotch Presbyterians do the same. Members of the Church of England are sworn on the Gospels; so are Irish Roman Catholics. In Wales there is a remarkable difference in the manner in which witnesses hold the Bible when they are sworn. An English witness always takes the book with his fingers under, and his thumb at the top of the book. A Welsh witness, on the contrary, takes it with his fingers at the top, and his thumb under the book. The original oath was probably taken by merely laying the hand upon the top of the book without kissing it. Lord Coke says it is called a "corporal oath," because the witness toucheth with his hand some part of the Holy Scripture. Lord Hale says: "The regular oath, as allowed by the laws of England, is: *Tactis sacrosanctis Dei Evangelis* (You swear by touching the holy Gospels); and, in the case of a Jew, *Tacto libro legis Mosaicæ* (You touch the book of the law of Moses)."

At Oxford, the oath is administered as follows:

"*Ita te Deus adjuvet tactis sacrosanctis Christi Evangelis*" (Thus God admonishes thee to swear by the most holy Gospels of Christ).

In none of these instances does "kissing" the book appear to be essential. Whereas the present form is, "So help you God, kiss the book;" but still a witness is always required to touch the book with his hand, and he is never permitted to hold the book with his hand in a glove.

There can be little doubt that the judicial oath was originally taken without kissing the book, but with the form of laying the right hand upon it. Amongst the Greeks, oaths were frequently accompanied by sacrifice; it was the custom to lay the hands upon the victim, or upon the altar, thereby calling to witness the deity by whom the oath was sworn. Christians, under the later Roman emperors, adopted the same ceremony.

According to the prophet Daniel, both hands were held up: "The man clothed in linen, which was upon the waters, held up his right hand and his left hand unto heaven, and sware by Him that liveth for ever and ever."

In Revelations we find: "And the angel which I saw stand upon the sea and the earth lifted up his hand to heaven, and sware by Him that liveth for ever and ever."

The various forms in which oaths were taken are most curious. By an old German law a wife could claim a present from her husband the morning after the wedding-night, by swearing to its amount on her breast, or by swearing on her two breasts and two tresses.

Nothing was more common than for a man to swear by his beard.

Edward the First of England swore an oath on two swans.

It was also very common from an early period, both in England and abroad, to swear by one, two, seven, or twelve churches. The

deponent went to the appointed number of churches, and at each, taking the ring of the church door in his hand, repeated the oath.

One of the most curious specimens of swearing men by that to which they attached most importance, is to be found in a Hindoo law. It says: "Let a judge swear a Brahmin by his veracity; a soldier by his horses, his elephants, or his arms; an agriculturist by his cows, his grain, or his money; and a Soudra by all his crimes."

In India, as also in England and in Ireland, pregnant women decline to take an oath. A Highlander, when sworn on the Gospels or the cross, cares little for his oath; but will keep it if sworn on the point of his dirk. The degenerate Romans of the Lower Empire thought it better to break an oath to God than to the emperor, because the former might forgive them, whilst the latter would not. Of all the Roman oaths, the military oath was the most sacred. It was taken upon the ensigns. Soldiers took it voluntarily, and promised (with imprecations) that they would not desert from the army, and not leave the ranks unless to fight against the enemy or to save a Roman citizen. In the year 216 before Christ, the soldiers were compelled by the tribunes to take an oath that they would meet at command of the consuls, and not leave their standards without their orders, thus making the military oath a *jurjurandum*. In the time of the Empire (according to Dionysius) a clause was added to the military oath, by which the soldiers declared that they would consider the safety of the emperor more important than anything else, and that they did not love either themselves or their children more than their sovereign. The oath was renewed each time that the soldier enlisted for a campaign.

Oaths have been sung in doggerel rhyme. From some verses headed, "The New Oath Examined and Found Guilty," we take the following:

Since oaths are Solemn Serious Things,  
The best security to Kings,  
And since we've all Allegiance swore  
To J——, as king, or Successor,  
I can't imagine how we may  
Swear that or Fealty away.  
Nought sure but Death or Resignation  
Can free us from that Obligation.  
All Oaths are vain, both those and these,  
If we may break 'em as we please;  
And did I fairly swallow both,  
Who'd give a Farthing for my Oath?

And now I think I've made it clear  
We cannot with good Conscience swear,  
We cannot take Oaths Old and New  
And to both Faithful prove and True.

The manner in which the natives of India are sworn is curious. A piece of lime (chumam), about the size of a pea, and a piece of betel-leaf are given to the witness to chew and swallow, and he is then solemnly warned that if he speaks anything but the truth after swallowing the above, the first time he expectorates afterwards

his heart's blood will come up. Now the amalgamation by mastication of the leaf and the lime with the gastric juices produces a substance much resembling blood. This superstition still prevails, and we could relate many instances.

When a Chinese is sworn, a live cock is brought into court, and the head of the bird cut off. In our earlier writers some oaths are impious and irreverent. Even in Chaucer it is advisable to make selections:

The Host swears, "By my father's soul."

Sir Thopas, "By ale and bread."

Arceite, "By my pan (head)."

Theseus, "By mighty Mars the rede."

The Carpenter's wife, "By St. Thomas of Kent."

The Marchaunt, "By St. Thomas of Inde."

The Cambridge scholar, "By my father's kinne."

Peter, the apprentice in Henry the Sixth, holds up his hands, and, accusing Horner, says: "By these ten bones, my lord, he did speak them to me in the garret, one night as we were scouring my lord of York's armour."

Much discussion has taken place at various times respecting the form of taking an oath, and the term corporal oath. Archbishop Whitgift, in a sermon before Queen Elizabeth, thus addressed her: "As all your predecessors were at their coronation, so you also were sworn before all the nobility and bishops then present, and in the presence of God, and in His stead, to him that anointed you, 'to maintain the church lands and the rights belonging to it;' and this testified openly at the holy altar, by laying your hands on the Bible then lying upon it."

Until the arrival of the English, the custom of swearing upon the Holy Evangelists was unknown to the Irish, who resorted instead to crosiers, bells, and other sacred reliquaries, to give solemnity to their declarations. Even when the Gospels were used, it was not uncommon to introduce some other object to render the oath doubly binding. At the time of Edward the First, official oaths were taken by presenting the book, when opened, to the person about to be sworn, in the manner at this day used in the Ecclesiastical Court at Guernsey. In the reign of James the First, the oath of allegiance was taken upon bended knee. There is a curious account of an oath taken by the Earl of Northumberland, in a manuscript which is preserved in the Lambeth library. The manuscript is, moreover, illuminated. The earl is represented kneeling before an altar, on which is placed a chalice, covered with the corporal cloth; in front of the chalice, and upon the corporal cloth, but uncovered, rests a large wafer, the "consecrated body of our Lord," which the earl touches with his right hand, whilst he appears to be speaking the words of the oath. The quotation is from a French metrical history of the deposition of King Richard the Second: " . . . Thus the king spake unto them; and they all agreed thereto, saying, 'Sire, let the

Earl of Northumberland be sent for, and let him forthwith be made to take the oath, as he hath declared he will if we all consent to all that he hath said.' Then was the earl, without further parley, called; and the king said to him, 'Northumberland, the duke hath sent you hither to reconcile us two; if you will swear upon the body of our Lord, which we will cause to be consecrated, that the whole of the matter related by you is true, that you have no hidden design therein of any kind whatsoever, but that like a notable lord you will surely keep the agreement, we will perform it.' . . . Then replied the earl, 'Sire, let the body of our Lord be consecrated; I will swear that there is no deceit in this affair, and that the duke will observe the whole as you will have heard me relate it here.' Each of them devoutly heard mass; then the earl, without further hesitation, made an oath on the body of our Lord. Alas! his blood must have turned, for he well knew the contrary."

Paley distinctly states, as his opinion, that the term "corporal," as applied to an oath, is derived from the "corporale," the square piece of linen upon which the chalice and host were placed. This opinion is open to challenge. Touching the book implies contact of the body with it. At a very early period the soldier swore by his sword. There exists an Anglo-Norman poem on the conquest of Ireland, by Henry the Second, in which we find:

Morice par sa espée ad juré,  
N'i ad vassal si osé.

Dr. Owen, Vice-Chancellor of Oxford, being a witness for the plaintiff in a case, refused to be sworn in the usual manner, by laying his right hand upon the book, and by kissing it afterwards; but he caused the book to be held open before him, and he raised his right hand, whereupon the jury prayed the direction of the court whether they ought to weigh such evidence as strongly as the evidence of another witness. Glyn, chief justice, answered them that in his opinion he had taken as strong an oath as any other of the witnesses; but he added that, if he himself were to be sworn, he would lay his right hand upon the book itself. This case shows that the usual practice at the time it was decided was, not to take the book in the hand, but to lay the hand upon it. Now, if a person laid his hand upon a book, which rested on anything else, he most probably would lay his fingers upon it; and if he afterwards kissed it, would raise it with his fingers at the top and his thumb under the book; and possibly this may account for the practice in Wales.

Another point is, whether kissing the book is essential. The point is lucidly put by Lord Mansfield. According to the principles of common law (he says), there is no particular form essential to an oath to be taken by a witness; but, as the purpose of it is to bind his conscience, every man of every religion should be bound by that form which he himself thinks will bind his own conscience most.

Not long ago, in the Insolvent Debtors' Court, a witness, on being called, took the Testament in his left hand. He was told to take the book in his right hand. Commissioner Phillips said he did not see it made any difference, nor did he see why a glove should be taken off. Perhaps he thought the kiss more essential than the touch. Two questions arise. Can the touch of the book with a glove form a corporal oath? Is the touch of the naked lips equivalent to that of the hand uncovered? How often have witnesses shuffled out of the stringency of an oath by the ingenious device of kissing the thumb or the cuff of the coat in place of the book itself? We are forcibly driven back into the arms of St. Matthew. Yes or No distinctly spoken in the presence of a certain fixed number of men, or a man's signature to "I swear that I have told the truth," would suffice for all purposes when once admitted as legal; if perjured, let him take the legal consequences.

We now come to what may be called the Individual Oath—the oath which emanates from the heart of a man at the command of hatred, revenge, love, or superstition. We shall not enter into the latter two; for though we may smile at the rash vows and romantic oaths of love-sick youths and maidens, our blood would boil with indignation at recalling to mind the thousands of victims doomed to be immured for life within the walls of a convent, through having been compelled to take the oath of celibacy.

Hatred and revenge give rise to more legitimate oaths. They are the sparks which flash from the contact of the flint and steel of strong passions. There is something grand about them. When Argantes hears that Clorinda has been slain by Tancred, he takes a terrible oath:

Hierusalem! hear what Argantes saith.  
Hear, Heaven! and if he break his oath and word,  
Upon this head cast thunder in thy wrath.  
I will destroy this Christian lord,  
Who this fair dame by night thus murdered hath;  
Nor from my side will I ungird this sword  
Till Tancred's heart it cleave, and shed his blood,  
And leave his corse to wolves and crows for food!

How he kept his oath, and paid the penalty with his life, forms one of the most brilliant episodes in Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered*.

Another oath of double-dyed villany is that taken by Iago to Othello. The Moor swears:

Now by yond' marble heaven,  
In the due reverence of a sacred vow  
I here engage my words.

Iago's oath is more precise:

Witness yon ever-burning lights above!  
You elements that clip us round about!  
Witness that here Iago doth give up  
The execution of his wit, hands, heart,  
To wrong'd Othello's service! Let him command,  
And to obey shall be in me remorse,  
What bloody work soever.

From oaths we might proceed to curses  
But thanks to the advance of civilisation, that



profane custom is gradually ebbing out, and such a profanation of the name of God seldom passes the lips of educated men.

### PERFORMING ANIMALS.

It was an amusing study of the writer's younger days to visit any wonderful exhibitions of learned dogs, acting birds, &c., and to discover how they were taught. It is merely a work of time and patience to teach animals various feats of docility. Some are much more readily trained than others: especially the horse, the elephant, the dog, and the monkey. Although harsh treatment, beating, and half-starving, are too often resorted to, petting and kindness are more successful. At all events, a system of rewards for good behaviour is essential, and is uniformly practised even when alternated with correction for failure.

An accurate observer sees that, when horses apparently keep dancing-time to a band, it is the music which invariably adapts its time to the steps of the horse. There is now in the Cirque Napoléon, in Paris, a large ape admirably trained to all the various feats of a circus-rider. He jumps on the horse, and is carried round and round. He stands on one leg, holding out the other with his hand, vaults over a riding-whip, stands on his head, turns somersets, jumps over garters and through hoops covered with paper, all in regular sequence as the music changes. In taking his leaps he sometimes misses the horse in his descent, and then he runs rapidly after him, scrambles on the side palisades, and climbs to his place, keeping, all the time, the most perfect gravity of demeanour, instead of the grinning, self-satisfied smiles of his human compeers. Here, there has been a mixture of petting and flogging. At any failure, we noticed that poor Jacko looked frightened, and received a sly cut of the whip; after a successful feat, he had a little sweetmeat from the pocket of the master of the ring.

About forty-five years ago, a learned dog was exhibited in Piccadilly—Munito, a clever French poodle, very handsome, with a fine silky white woolly coat, half-shaved. He performed many curious feats, answering questions, telling the hour of the day, the day of the week or date of the month, and picking out any cards called for from a pack spread on the ground. At the corner of the room was a screen, behind which the dog and his master disappeared between each feat for a short time. We watched him narrowly; but it was not until after our second visit that the mystery was solved. There were packs of ordinary cards, and other cards with figures, and others with single letters. One of the spectators was requested to name a card—say the queen of clubs—the pack was spread on the floor in a circle, faces upward. Munito went round the circle, came to the queen of clubs, pounced upon it, and brought it in his mouth to his master. The same process was repeated with the cards with figures, when

he brought the exact numbers which answered the questions put as to dates, or days, or hours; in the same way with the letter cards, when he picked out the necessary letters to spell any short word called for, always making a full circle of the whole of the cards for each letter or for each number, and never taking up two letters or two numbers consecutively, though they might chance to lie close together. This fact we made out at the first visit, but nothing more. On the second occasion we watched more narrowly, and with that object took a side seat, so that we had a partial view behind the screen. We then noticed that between each feat the master gave the dog some small bits of some sort of food, and that there was a faint smell of aniseed from that corner of the room. We noticed that the dog, as he passed round the circle of cards, with his nose down and his eyes directed to the ground, never pounced on the right card, as his eyes covered it, but turned back and picked it out. It was clear that he chose it by the smell, and not by that of sight. We recalled that, each time before the dog began his circuit, the master arranged and settled the cards, and we then found that he pressed the fleshy part of his thumb on the particular card the dog was to draw, which thumb he previously put into his waistcoat-pocket for an instant; and as he passed close to us, his waistcoat had an aniseed scent. After the performance, we remained until the room was clear, and then spoke to the master. He did not deny the discovery of his principle.

This clue enabled us some few years afterwards to explain the trick with cards, performed by a Java sparrow, exhibited along with other performing birds. The general feats were common enough, and were obviously the result of mere training: such as firing a small cannon, lying as if struck dead, drawing a little carriage—the bird putting its own head through the collar attached to the shafts, and another bird acting as coachman, &c.; but the card trick might have been taken to denote reason on the bird's part. A dirty pack of cards was handed to one of the company, who selected a card, and gave it back to the exhibitor, who shuffled the pack after replacing the card; he then put the pack upright in a kind of card-case, which so held them as to leave about half an inch above the brim. The Java sparrow hopped on the card pack, and presently began to peck at one of the cards, and finally drew out the identical one that had been drawn. The explanation became easy on examining the cards. At one end, each card had a thin layer of sweet wafer paste; the selected card was taken by the exhibitor and placed in the pack; all the rest of the cards had the paste end downward, while this card alone was placed back in the pack with the opposite end upward. And the bird naturally pecked at that end.

Many people have seen an exhibition of a learned pig, whose performances were very similar to those of the learned dog: such as

picking out cards, letters, figures, and numbers, answering questions, and apparently showing mental powers, which were merely the results of the animal faculties of smell and taste.

No doubt there is a degree of reasoning power in many animals; the anecdotes of dogs, elephants, horses, and monkeys, have long proved this; but the replying to questions, and the spelling of words, would imply something far beyond what instinct or training could effect, unless ingeniously brought about as above described.

The pony who is shown in a circus, answering questions by so many pawings of the leg or so many shakes of the head, merely obeys the recognised and consecutive signals of his master.

#### A PARENTHESIS OR TWO.

"**LOVE** me, love my dog." A wise adage, I dare say. I don't at all mind their loving me, but I have the strongest objection to their loving my dog—when, as in this instance, my dog is represented by my wife. I am an old bachelor just returned from my honeymoon, and I should be intensely happy under such circumstances, were it not that the men who, until now, have contented themselves with loving me (and it is bare justice to them to mention that they never made their affection for me unpleasantly conspicuous), have now taken to loving my wife. I can never go out without the conviction that, on my return, I shall probably find that Tom, Dick, or Harry, of my bachelor days, has just dropped in to see his old friend, and that, finding me from home (T., D., and H. cannot be taught to remember my club nights), the obliging visitor has remained to enjoy a gossip with my pretty wife.

And the worst of it is, she *likes* it! She laughs and pouts, and declares she is never sure of having a minute to herself; but she doesn't care to have a minute to herself, or she could have it, and would have it. Is "Not at home" so hard to say? (She has already caused it to be said to some of my relations; I know that.)

But she is such a little humbug (I suppose all women are to a certain extent). I believe coquetry to be innate with her. In her infancy she had her baby lovers, one of whom she would always contrive to render so sulkily miserable for an afternoon, that the unfortunate little aspirant for her favours would be put in the corner for "Temper" by his nurse, while the fair cause of the fault and punishment would play with the brother of the wretched victim before his eyes, lavishing on his rival her sweetest smiles, and behaving altogether with the grace of an angel. And as she grew up, my stars, how she grew in grace, grew in beauty, and grew in coquetry! At fifteen she was the most finished little flirt, the most heartless little humbug, I ever saw. (Is heartless too strong an expression? No. I verily believe she had no such thing as a heart during our courtship. She could have had none, or she could never have

witnessed my sufferings with such consummate indifference. It was not so much that I suffered because I could never find out whether she really loved me or not, as that I suffered because I could never feel sure that she did not love half a dozen others as well. Hateful and heartless! Then why did I marry her? I don't know. Don't ask *me*.)

But she has the prettiest and most loving ways that ever beguiled man into matrimony; she has the sweetest smile, the most enchanting laugh, the most caressing voice that ever drove man to distraction. (But these charms should be reserved exclusively for me, and they are not.) Her face (I love it) is as bright and sunny when raised towards Jack as when raised towards me. And yet Jack didn't marry her. (I suspect Jack regrets that he didn't; or why does he drop in so very often now?)

I put it to any one. Can it be a pleasant thing for me, when I come home tired and—well, suppose I say cross—to find my wife sitting back in a low chair warming her feet by the fire (she has uncommonly pretty feet), with her hair done up with cherry-coloured ribbons (she knows she looks best in cherry-coloured ribbons, for Jack is always telling her so), her lips parted and her blue eyes eager with suspense, looking full up at Jack as he reads to her? True, when I come in she beams at me, and makes room for my chair by her side, and the book is allowed to close, and the conversation (I always think conversation with three so stupid!) becomes general, till Jack finds out (what I am convinced he would never have discovered if I hadn't come in) that it is getting late, and takes his departure. The instant he is gone, up springs my wife, wheels my easy-chair round to the fire, warms my slippers, scorching her pretty face sadly the while, rings for tea (I dare say she and Jack have had tea), and then, drawing a stool close to my side, clasps her hands before her, in the old winning attitude that first took my heart by storm years and years ago, when my darling was but a child (a child, and what is she now?), and says, "And now, dear, that that stupid bore is gone, tell me what you have been doing all day." (Now what, I ask, is any one to say to such a charming little humbug?)

I had meant to talk very gravely to her about her conduct towards my so-called friends (particularly Jack), and I had even concocted a sentence beginning with, "You must really think seriously, my dear—" but it is of no use, when things come to this pass. I can't look at her and scold her (and she takes very good care I shan't scold her without looking at her), so the subject drops, as all subjects do drop when she is by, and I luxuriate in my easy-chair and warm slippers, and, gazing on my pretty wife as she flits about the room like a household fairy as she is, feel that I am blest among men. (But this state of things is not calculated to last. The next evening finds Jack in his old place, his abominable face more undeniably good-looking than ever.)

He is fresh, open, and good-tempered is Jack (why in the name of fate shouldn't he be good-tempered when talking to my wife?), and his honest eyes (these fellows always have honest eyes) express unqualified admiration of my wife. Mine! Let me say it again, it does me good; my wife, Jack; a dozen times over, mine.) While she on her part has to-night discarded the cherry-coloured ribbons, and has come out all over blue ribbons (I wish Jack wouldn't alter his taste in ribbons so often, it makes our bills high), and is altogether most bewitching.

What am I to do? I can't prevent her looking lovely (and I wouldn't if I could). I can't stop the supplies. I can't snip away those distracting ribbons. Sooner than resort to such measures, let all the Jacks ever heard or thought of, drink my wines, read my papers (I wish Jack would read the papers a little more when he comes here; he knows nothing of politics), or sing themselves hoarse to my wife's sweet accompaniment! (Still, if I could think of any half measure that would prevent Jack from giving us more than, say, five evenings a week of his valuable time, I should feel it a relief.)

I have an idea! (I dare say my wife does not think me capable of it, but I have). Jack likes pretty women (I have a tolerably good proof of this every day of my life); suppose I introduce him to one. I know one who is, *strictly* speaking (though I have never found any one who thought so), far more beautiful than my wife. I will take Jack there, this very night, and see if she can act as a corrective to the blue and red ribbons. I mention it to Jack. He doesn't see it, of course (I never expected he would); but he consents to go with me, and he goes. She *doesn't* act as a corrective to the blue and red ribbons (of course she doesn't; he's much too far gone for that). Jack says she's not "*his* style" (*his* style is probably at the moment flirting furiously with Dick of my bachelor days), and the evening is a failure.

We both come away in a bad humour (not an uncommon occurrence in my case, by-the-by), and bear with us invitations to an approaching ball; to which, of course, she will wish to go. She does wish to go; she says it will be "delightful." When the night arrives, she appears in complete ball-room attire, like a—"Vision of light," Jack very kindly remarks).

Talk of her beauty (though it's really worth talking of) in her every-day ordinary dress (if any dress ever looked ordinary on her), what is it then to what it is now! Well! She looks very lovely in her feathery whiteness, and I am very proud of her, and should be quite willing to go to this or any other ball, and see her enjoy herself as much as she could, poor child! (were it not that, down-stairs, waiting for us, is—Jack).

Jack! In the most dandified "get up," with the most irreproachable tie, and in his hand the most exquisite bouquet of white camellias. (They are not for me, but perhaps the next best thing to a present for oneself should be a present for one's wife.) I say nothing (chiefly

because I have nothing to say), and we set off. My wife says, "*Should* I mind going outside, because her dress *does* take up so much room?" I don't mind, and I go outside.

They (Jack and my wife) are dancing their seventh round dance. I feel that to-night either Jack or I will go mad (and that it won't be Jack). I make a last effort. I tell my wife that I feel unwell, and hint that I should like to return home. She is goodness itself. She is so sorry! The heat of crowded ball-rooms is the worst thing possible for a headache. I must go home at once; I need not feel the least uneasy about her. Jack will see her home. (Will he? Not if I know it.) I sit on. There they go again, gallop the eighth. (I wish people would take to dancing alone—hornpipes, for instance—I could then be content to sit and look on for any length of time. How young she looks, how unutterably fair, with her blue eyes shining, and her soft hair pushed from her flushed cheek!)

The evening comes to an end at last, and I take my little wife home (and listen to her innocent laughter and girlish glee, with a thankful heart, for my darling is as open and as pure as the day). Still I must take some measures (for Jack's sake).

Poor Jack! I think about it all the rest of the night, and I hit upon a little plan to show Jack that my little wife's pretty ways and caressing manners are natural to her, and inseparable from her, and are bestowed on others as freely as on him.

I coax Dick (that is, I mention it to Dick, who jumps at the idea) to come and spend an evening with us. He arrives about ten minutes before Jack's usual hour for appearing, and I put him and my wife down at the piano (which means that I do nothing of the kind, but that they establish themselves at that instrument, and I don't interfere). Jack arrives. Jack evinces astonishment, bewilderment, discomfiture. Sitting back on the music-stool, accompanying without book, for her blue eyes are raised above the level of the music-desk, is my wife, while over her leans Dick, singing with the greatest expression the burden of Balfe's popular song: "Then you'll remember me." Jack is sulking himself all night, and provokingly proof against all my little wife's attempts to flatter him into a more social state of mind. He takes his leave early, and confides to me at parting that he thinks he shall go abroad; "for after all, old fellow," he says, "there is nothing to be done in England." I agree with him, and hint that I would like to know in what part of the world he thinks there is anything to be done, when he replies, still sulkily busy with his great-coat. "It's all one; I don't suppose there's anything to be done anywhere." I retort, "Well, good-bye, old chum, if you really mean it. I suppose when you come back you'll be bringing your wife with you,—some foreign beauty, to startle the natives." Jack catches hold of my arm, and in the tone of one who delivers a new idea, says, "But

what is beauty?" (rather good that, from Jack), "and besides—all women are humbugs."

So Jack goes off (and I cannot but feel heartily glad at Jack's departure). Absence will be very good for Jack, I know. Whereas, for me!—How happy I am as I resume the thread of my honeymoon, and feel that there is none now but I myself to admire (I conveniently ignore Dick) the sweet face of my pretty wife!

### HAVANA CIGARS.

A PUBLIC writer, I apprehend, has a clear right to express contempt for his own productions. Few will believe him, it is true; for the reason that in humanity—for humanity's everlasting good—there is a deep-rooted conviction that no creature, not being a monster, can absolutely hate his own offspring. As for contempt, we know very well that it is only Hatred in a white necktie: Hatred that goes out to dinner in good society, and voids venom over cut glass and company claret. But we are capable of doing many things, which, through fear of ridicule, or shame, or punishment, we refrain from doing; and, being anonymous and consequently reckless, I claim my right to hold in utter scorn and disdain a paper I lately wrote in this esteemed journal, and which purported to describe the Cigarito Factory of La Honvadez, at Havana.\* Understand, that it is the matter, and not the manner, of the paper in question which I so completely condemn. If the critics say anything about my style, or my semicolons, I will show fight. 'Tis the theme I despise. Cigaritos! Pah! I puff the papelito away. The trivial topic; the twopenny text! Removed by an intellectual universe from Isaac Newton—although that sage, too, was a great smoker, and, in a fit of mental abstraction, once made use of a lady's little finger as a pipe-stopper—I yet feel that I have been lingering on the shore, picking up pretty little shells and molluscs, while the great Ocean of tobacco-smoke lay, all undiscovered, before me. I must really trouble that cranky invalid Muse of mine to "oblige the company" once more, and to Awake, Arise, or be for ever Fallen in that sound sleep into which she subsided, with one of La Honvadez cigaritos between her taper thumb and finger, at the conclusion of my first paper of tobacco.

She wakes. She is all alive. I have got my Muse fast at Florian's, on St. Mark's Place, Venice, and on a sumptuous summer night. The great full moon hangs over our heads, imminent, like the sign of the World Turned Upside Down. I have regaled my Muse with iced coffee and macaroons. She has even partaken of a bicchierino of maraschino. A "bicchierino"—isn't it a dainty name for a dram? Then, rubbing my hands in uncharitable glee, to think that yonder white-jerkined Tedisco officers have nothing choicer to smoke than three-halfpenny

"Virginias"—the actual Virginia of their birth being, probably, the Terra di Lavoco, or the Island of Sardinia—I produce from that private case, which has hitherto eluded the lynx eyes of the German Zollverein, the Spanish Duana, and the Italian Dogana, a real cigar—a Regalia Britannica, "Plor fina, Maduro: Havana, 1864." My Muse lights up at once, and pours forth memory in clouds. You need not be in the least shocked at the idea of this young lady from Parnassus, otherwise a most decorous person, graduate of the Hyde Park College, and who has been nursery-governess in a nobleman's family, indulging in a cigar as big as a B.B. pencil, at ten o'clock at night, in front of a public coffee-house. Between ourselves be it mentioned, there are many ladies in Venice who are, to the full, as inveterate smokers as the ladies of Seville. My Muse, perhaps, is the only high-born dame who puffs in the open Piazza; but then, she is invisible to the vulgar, and an Immortal. You shall scarcely, however, take an evening airing in your gondola without observing numerous fair and graceful forms at their open windows, or in their balconies, enjoying, not the pretty puerility of the papelito, but the downright and athletic exertion of the full-grown cigar. About sundown, on most evenings, our barcolori row us from the Ponte di Fusori to the Giardini Pubblici. We strike the Grand Canal a little below the garden of the Palazzo Reale. At the left-hand corner of the canal from which we emerge there is a pretty little mansion, Venetian Gothic in style, and, for Venice, in excellent repair. It is precisely the little mansion which, if its bodily eradication, shipment to Liverpool, and removal to London, on the American system of rollers, was judged impossible, I should like to cause Mr. Barry, R.A., to build for me in Curzon-street, Mayfair; and then, with the title-deeds of the freehold in my strong-box, and the bins of my bijou house well ballasted with curious hocks and peculiar clarets, I would lead a chirping life, entertaining my friends, drinking even mine enemy's health, and wishing him better luck the next time he went out stabbing. At a charming ogival window of this tiny palazetto there is sure to be, about this sunset hour, a plump, jovial-looking little lady—very like the portraits of the Countess Guiccioli—and who is pulling at a cigar at least half an inch longer and stouter than my Regalia Britannica. I think the plump little lady smokes ambasciadore—a kind of cigar which you hesitate about smoking habitually unless your income exceeds fifteen thousand a year. In about an hour after sunset we glide back from the Giardini towards the Rialto, and there, at the same ogival window, we are sure to find the same plump little lady pulling away as vigorously as ever at her weed. It is not, I am afraid, the same cigar. Even in an ambasciadore there is not more than forty-five minutes' steady and continuous smoking. It has grown dark by this time, and through the open casement I can see a delicious little salone with a frescoed ceiling, containing that "copiosa quan-

\* See page 272 of the last volume.



titata di amoutti" which Cardinal Mauria, of Savoy, was so anxious that Albania, the painter, should supply him with. I see a chandelier, glittering with crystal pendants and wax-lights—the good old candles of yellow wax, not the meagre, bleached, half-hearted gentilities the chandlers sell us too often now-a-days. I see walls with silken draperies, and choice pictures, and rare Venice mirrors, with frames like a whole horticultural show sculpt in gold. The furniture of the salone is of precisely the pattern I should wish Messrs. Jackson and Graham to send into Curzon-street, sparing no expense, and asking no questions about settlement. I hope that the eyes which have thus dived into the penetralia of a Venetian dwelling-house are not impertinent. Where is the use of having pretty things, if you don't allow the world outside to admire them? and are not all the really nice people who possess pretty things always ready to exhibit their treasures? Finally, at the window of this enchanting chamber, amidst flowers in boxes and flowers in vases, and with a sprightly little Maltese dog snoozing in her sleeve, is the prettiest picture of all—the plump little lady, blowing her placid cloud:

Se non son piu Sovrana,  
Io son Veneziana,

she seems to be warbling between her whiffs, in that endearing dialect of the Adriatic which is as soft as *crème à la vanille*, and a great deal healthier.

I salute you, noble lady of Venice! Did I dare to launch into familiarity—did I presume to indulge in slang, I might say what I think—that you are a BRICK. In any case, I prefer you to Medora in her bower, to Mariana in the South, and to the Lady of Shalott. I would bow to you, lady mine, were not bowing under the coved roof of a gondola almost as difficult a feat as bowing in bed. More than once the little lady has waved a smoke-spiral amicably towards me. There is a certain freemasonry among smokers. I am thinking that to-morrow evening I shall wave my handkerchief to her, when I am violently pulled back on to the cushions of the gondola, and the *barcaroli* are instructed in a passionate voice to row faster homewards. There is no harm, surely, in wishing to wave one's handkerchief to such a remarkably plump and jovial-looking lady.

Yes, red-sashed boatman, take me home; and then, when I have filled my inkhorn and nibbed my pen, take me, if you please, back to Havana. Never mind the heat. We shall be hotter before we are through this day's work. Never mind the dust. The sea-breeze will blow some time after gun-fire, and if you can exist unsmothered until then, you will be refreshed. Let us hail the first volante, whose dark and merry-faced postilion invites us to enter, and drive to the cigar manufactory, world famous, and unequalled in the world, perhaps, of "La Hija de Cabaña y Carvajal." For shortness, it is called "Cabaña's."

There is no longer a palpable Cabaña in the

flesh. Firms remain, but names pass away. Is there a Child? Is there a Fortnum, or, haply, a Mason? Is there a Cheret, or a Widow Cliquot? Did you ever see Swan and Edgar walking together? There has not been a Cramer for twenty years; and what contemporary man ever knew Boodle? The actual representative of the great Cuban house of Cabaña is the Señor Anselmo del Valle. I had had the advantage of a special introduction to this gentleman at his retail establishment ere I visited his factory. The monarch of Nicotine sat enthroned among odoriferous cedar boxes and cigars yet more fragrant, serene and sweet-smelling, like an old Turk merchant in the Bezesteen among his shawls, and chibouks, and spices, and rose-attar. A lissom, dusky, oily-looking man, if I remember aright, with a lustrous, bush-like moustache, and who, reclining in a low chair, and in a full suit of white linen, gently perspiring. The chief monarch of the great mosque of Araby the blest, this Señor Anselmo del Valle. What a halcyon existence? A mattress of lotus-hair—a continuous and diaphanous drapery of grateful incense hanging round. Nothing to do all day long save lo! in a rocking-chair, and take gold ounces in exchange for boxes of superfine Cabañas. For the cigar business is essentially a ready-money one. So many cigars as you make you can sell, and so many cigars as you sell do you get paid for, in Havana, on the nail. I have often thought that to be a brewer of pale ale at Burton-on-Trent must be the acme of human felicity. You have only to go on brewing barrels of beer, and an ever-thirsty public will go on buying and paying. Dr. Johnson had an inkling of this, when, taking stock, as executor under Thrale's will, of the great brewhouse which was afterwards to become Barclay and Perkins's, he told Topham Beauclerk that he had at last discovered the "source of boundless prosperity and inexhaustible riches." When I went to Havana, however, I was fain to place the vat in the second rank. The superlative degree I reserve for the cigar trade. "Boundless prosperity and inexhaustible riches" are, in the case of a Cabaña or an Anselmo del Valle, associated with something even more productive of happiness. The cigar merchant can pass, at least, eighteen hours out of the twenty-four in the delicious occupation of smoking his own cigars. Now the Burton brewer, however fond he may be of the famous decoction of hops, malt, and the water of the Mendip Hills, fermented on the placid banks of Trent, can scarcely go on drinking his own pale ale all day long. Nature wouldn't stand it. The brain and stomach would alike revolt from this perpetual state of beer. As a rule, traders are averse from consuming their own wares. Some sagacity warns off: others satiety sickens. Your provincial innkeeper does not share with a very good grace, and with a chance guest, the bottle of blue ink, logwood, and spirits of turpentine which he sells as claret, and charges ten and sixpence for. The grocer's apprentice soon grows tired of filching figs and munching

raisins—ah! how nice they were when, as children, we were allowed to stone the plums for the Christmas pudding, and stole more than we stoned!—on the sly. The pastrycook's girl runs to the counter, indulges in a revel of patties and jam tarts; but in a fortnight she becomes palled, and a wilderness of sweets rarely invites her to browse. It is different with the merchant who sells good cigars. He knows when he is well off, and makes the most of his opportunity. "Comte et conne" is his motto, as it was that of the Regent Orleans. Heart-complaint, paralysis, liver-complaint, dyspepsia, cerebral disease in its thousand-and-one forms, may menace those who smoke too much; but the merchant knows when he has a good article on hand, and continues to smoke the choicest weeds in his stock. A cigar merchant who did not smoke seems to me quite as much of a monster as that French bibliomaniac of the eighteenth century, whom La Bruyère knew, who had a library of eighty thousand volumes, splendidly bound, and who confessed that he never read a book. "I think," says La Bruyère, in his mention of this person, "that he only amassed volumes because he liked the smell of new leather. But why, then, didn't he turn tanner instead of bookworm?"

I have a distinct impression that after Señor Anselmo del Valle had squeezed my hand—he squeezed everybody's hand—on my being presented to him, he left in my palm a Cabaña regalia. They give away cigars in Cuba as they give away pinches of snuff elsewhere. I went into the back warehouse to choose a case of puasados for ordinary smoking, and the warehouseman gave me a handful just to try what their flavour might be like. These are among the "obsequies." When I got home to the Globo that evening, I found even a more splendid "obsequy" from the Cabaña factory, in the shape of a beautiful crystal casket framed in gilt bronze, inscribed with my name—"Caballero Inglis" being added as a dignity—and containing one hundred of the superlative cigars known as excepcionales. These are said to be worth in England half-a-crown apiece, and are, indeed, only manufactured in order to be dispensed to crowned heads or presented as "obsequies" to tourists. I am ashamed to say that—sentiments of gratitude apart—I would grudge sixpence for the best excepcionale that ever was made. Their mere facture is beyond compare. They are perfect convoluted bâtons of tobacco-leaf, mathematically symmetrical, showing not a join, a vein, or a pimple—with the broad end as round and smooth as that of a Cumberland pencil; with the narrow end as sharply blunt—a paradox, but a truth for all that—as the agate braur used for embossing diapers in illumination. I think that were you to throw an excepcionale into the midst of Westminster Hall, it would not break, nor lie, but the rather rebound, elastic, and come back to you at last, intact, but bent, boomerang fashion. Its defect is that it is a world too light—that is to say, too mild in flavour—and

that, like all mild cigars, it is hot in the mouth. To the thorough smoker there is no more feverish tobacco than the lightest Latakia, and no cooler than the strongest Cavendish. Mild tobacco-smoking leads to drinking: witness the Turk, with his continually replenished coffee-cup, and the German, who washes down the chopped-up haystacks which he crams into his pipkin of a pipe with innumerable mugs of beer. Not always innumerable. They count them sometimes. The Prussian guardsmen who were regaled the other day at Berlin were allowed to one bottle of wine and ten scidels of beer apiece. Ten scidels—ten mortal pints and a half of swipes in one October evening! It must ooze through their pores, and make them clammy.

From the hospitable retail establishment of the señor to his factory, or rather that of the Hija de Cabañas y Carvajal, is a drive of about twenty minutes. The Fabrica is a grandiose building of white stone, and of the architectural style which may be described as West Indian Doric: that is to say, with plenty of porticoes, and columns, and vestibules, erected much more for the purpose of producing coolness than pictorial effect. There are at least a thousand operatives employed here; but the mere number of hands is no test of the importance of a cigar manufactory. At the huge Reale Fabrica de Tabacos, in Seville, over four thousand men and women, nearly half of them gipsies, find employment. The Regio, at Algiers, gives daily work to over fifteen hundred hands. The cigar factories of Bordeaux, Barcelona, Ancona, and Venice, are on a corresponding scale of magnitude; but please to bear in mind that the staple of the things made in the usines I have named is mere muck, rubbish, refuse; whereas the Hija de Cabañas y Carvajal turns out only choice and fragrant rolls of superfine tobacco.

If anything could improve on the dreamy balminess which falls on the contemplative mind in these vast halls, all devoted to the treatment and preparation of tobacco, it would be the fact that the ceiling of every room is of cedar. 'Tis in the groves of Mount Lebanon, or, if you choose to be more prosaic, in an atmosphere of lead-pencils, that your weeds are made. I confess that ere I had been half an hour in the Cabañas factory I became immersed in a kind of happy fog or state of coma, such as ordinarily incited Messrs. Coleridge and De Quincey—in the good old days when it was thought no harm to crack a decanter full of laudanum before dinner—to literary composition. This must serve as my excuse for the very vague manner in which I am enabled to describe the process of making cigars. I know that I saw great bales and bundles of tobacco, just brought in from the plantations, being weighed in one long hall by negro women. The stuff was piled into monstrous scales, like those used in their dealings with the Indians who had furs to sell by the crafty traders in old Manhattan, who laid down the axiom that a Dutchman's foot weighed

ten pounds, and popped their foot into the scale accordingly. I know that I subsequently saw tobacco in all stages of being cleaned, and picked, and sorted, the finer leaves being reserved for the coverings or sheaths of the cigars, the less choice being used to form what magazine editors call "padding," and the Cubans themselves, when speaking of cigars, "las tripas"—a term not quite translatable to genteel ears, but which I may render, in a guarded manner, as "insides." If you offer a Spaniard a cigar—not with a view that he should smoke, but that he should criticise it—he will, after expressing the preliminary wish that you may live a thousand years, produce a sharp penknife and slice the weed through diagonally. Then, with a strong magnifying-glass, he will scrutinise "las tripas," and tell you, as confidently as any Loudon or Linnæus could, the precise order of vegetation to which the cigar belongs—whether it is of the superfine "vuelta de abajo," the Clos Vougeot of nicotia, or of some inferior growth, either from the island of Cuba itself, or from Hayti, or Porto Rico, or Virginia, or Maryland, or the Carolinas, or, haply, from the south and east of Europe; for vast quantities of Hungarian, Austrian, Sardinian, and Bessarabian tobacco do find their way to Cuba, and come back to us in the guise of prime Havanas—that is certain. A minute investigation of "las tripas" may also lead to the painful disclosure that the cigar is not composed of tobacco at all. The periodical reports of her Majesty's commissioners of inland revenue point out, pretty plainly, what vile stuff is sometimes foisted on the public as genuine tobacco.

You run no risk, of course, of having a sophisticated cigar from the factory of the Hija de Cabañas y Carvajal. Their wares are of different qualities—just as claret is, and the quality perhaps takes as wide a range as Bordeaux between Medoc and Château Lafitte. But a Cabaña cigar—bought at Cabaña's, bien entendu, or at any reputable dealer's in London (no foreign cigar merchant I ever met with could be trusted even so far as I could see him)—is sure to be made of genuine tobacco. You are quite safe: also, with a cigar from the Partagas factory—and there are many amateurs who prefer Partagas to Cabañas; with an Alvarez; with a Cavargas; with a Lopez; with a Cealdos (of the Guipuzcoana manufactory), and especially with a Figaro. Some persons imagine the name of "Figaro" to be that of a brand, or form of cigar, such as a "Henry Clay" or a "Londres;" but it is really that of a factory. I may mention our "Lion" and "Romford" breweries by way of analogy. I need not say that there are scores more respectable traders in Havana who make good and unadulterated cigars; but the names I have set down are those best known, and most popular with smokers.

On the broadest principle of classification, the cigars which are really brought from the Island of Cuba to Europe may be divided into three great groups. First, genuine Havana, of various

degrees of fineness, but, from stem to stern, sheath and "tripas" made of tobacco grown, cured, and rolled in the Island of Cuba. Second, cigars composed inside of United States, or of European tobacco, imported into the island, but with an outside wrapper of Havana leaf. Third and last, cigars brought ready made into Havana, from Europe, mostly from Bremen and Switzerland, passed through some export house unfair enough to be an accomplice in such dealings, and re-exported to Europe. You rarely meet with these doubly sham cigars in England; but they form the staple of the article retailed at extravagant prices to travellers at continental hotels. They smoke so abominably that the consumer usually jumps at the conclusion that they are simply "duffers," with forged brands and labels on the boxes; but, if he imparts this assumption to the waiter, that functionary may in his turn often assume an air of injured innocence and virtuous indignation. He can tell the complainant the name of the wholesale dealer from whom he has purchased the cigars: nay, he is often enabled to point out on the box the actual government stamp, and the amount of duty paid on the contents as foreign cigars. I have gone down with a waiter to a custom-house and seen him clear from the ship and pay duty upon the cigars he has sold me, and yet have found them afterwards to be the merest rubbish. It is unjust to make Cuba responsible for the prevalence of such trash. The rubbishing cigars have been to Havana, but were not made there. What is it the Bulbul, in the Persian poem, remarks relative to the rose? I think he observes that he is not that flower, but that he has lived near her. So Bremen, who has paid a flying visit to Havana, may be regarded as a kind of rascally Bulbul.

This species of fraud is too clumsy and too slow for the great English people. We, who are so very hard on the Americans for their "smartness," habitually resort in trade to perhaps the most ingenious swindles, the most impudent deceptions, and the meanest and most detestable "dodges," of any nation in the world. We adulterate everything. We forge everything. We would adulterate the mother earth which is thrown on our coffins when we are buried, if *that* fraud would pay. There is not a petty tobacco-shop in a London back street without a stock of cigar boxes, whose brands, whose printed labels—down to the bluntness of the Spanish type and the poverty of the Spanish wood-engravings—are cool and literal forgeries of the Spanish originals. These brands and labels are forged quite as neatly as bank-notes are forged; but this is a "trick of trade" which has not yet become felony. I have seen with my own eyes, in a great English town, and in a cigar factory employing three hundred men, hands ready for heating and stamping—a kind of chamber of horrors—where there were no less than ninety different brands purporting to be those of leading houses in Havana, and all of which were false. The excuse of the people who re-

sort to these wretched artifices is, that they vend the wares thus spuriously branded and labelled as "British," and not as "foreign" cigars. What's in a name? they ask; and so they call a cabbage a Cabaña, just for the fun of the thing. But would it be fair, I may ask, to stamp the little figure of the "porro," or dog, which is the trade-mark of the real Toledo blade, on the haft of a carving-knife made at Liège, or to brand "Moët et Chandon" on the cork of a bottle of cider? There are, doubtless, numbers of highly trustworthy cigar manufacturers in England, who make their cigars of the very best foreign tobacco that can be imported; but I must refer again to the reports of the commissioners of inland revenue for some very ugly revelations made from time to time as to fines inflicted on manufacturers who adulterate their tobacco, and, in any case, the practice of marking the boxes which contain home-made cigars, even if they be of good tobacco, with the names and brands of celebrated Havana houses, is unfair, untradesmanlike, and immoral. I dare say, however, that I am but fighting with wild beasts at Ephesus in alluding to such matters, and that I shall get but scratches for my pains. Only to unwary people who happen to be young and wealthy I will say this: whenever you have anything to do with cigars, or with sherry, or with pictures, or with horses, look out. Some advisers would include women and diamonds in their caveat; but I halt at horses. They may have a flaw in them, but a woman is a woman, and a diamond a diamond, and you can tell paste at once.

A visit to Cabaña's manufactory, although it failed in enabling me to describe with terseness, combined with accuracy, the process of cigar-making, had at least one beneficial result in disabusing my mind of a variety of absurd stories which I, and I dare say a good many of those who read this paper, had heard regarding the process as pursued in the island of Cuba. To believe these legends, cigar-making is one of the nastiest, nay, the most revolting of handicrafts, and the manner in which the tobacco is rolled and shaped by imperfectly clad young ladies of the African race, and in a state of servitude, is, to say the least, shocking. There may be small manufacturers at Havana who own but two or three slaves, or employ but two or three work-women, and they may do their work in a brutish and uncleanly manner; but so far as my own experience at the Hija de Cabañas y Carvajal's renders me a trustworthy witness, I may vouch for the scrupulous cleanliness and delicacy with which every single stage in the process of cigar-making is conducted. I have seen barley-sugar made, and I have seen bread made, and I certainly consider the manufacture of cigars to be a nicer transaction than either bread or sweet-stuff making.

Nothing can be more orderly, more symmetrical, than the appearance of the cutting and shaping room. The operators sit to their work, and make the cigars with their fingers, but do not roll them into shape by attrition on their

sartorius muscles, as is popularly supposed. Every operator has his counter or desk, his sharp cutting tools, and his pot of gum for fastening the tips, with his stock of assorted tobacco-leaf in baskets by his side. It is a competitive vocation. The best workmen are best off. Payment is by results. Many of the hands employed are negro slaves, or were so when I was in Havana three years ago; but the finer cigars, the prime Cabañas, the Napoleones, the Espaniales and Regalias are made exclusively by white Creole Spaniards, who are paid according to the number they can turn out a day, and many of whom realise very handsome wages.

Good cigars are very dear in Havana. You may get a weed for a penny or three-halfpence, or sometimes, by industriously rooting among the small manufacturers, you may pick up cigars very cheap indeed, which, if you throw them into a drawer, and allow them to season for six months, may turn out tolerable; but an approved and warranted cigar from a first-rate house will always fetch its price, and, our heavy import duties notwithstanding, is not much cheaper in Havana than it is in England. I have appended in a foot-note (for fear of boring you)\* the price-list of Cabaña cigars for the year 1864. Since then the tariff has, I dare say, risen. I may add that it is generally understood in the cigar trade that the very finest and choicest qualities of Havana cigars go to England simply because the largest prices can be commanded there; yet I believe I am rather under than above the mark in stating that there are not thirty cigar dealers in London from whom fine and choice Havanas can be procured. It has been computed—although I have no official authority for the statement—

\* Napoleones di lujo, 800 dolls.; Escepcionales, 255 dolls.; Embajadores, flor fina, 120 dolls.; Regalias, flor fina, 130 dolls.; Imperiales, 130 dolls.; Esparteros, 100 dolls.; Regalias Chicas, 80 dolls.; Conchas, 80 dolls.; Cilisedrados, 75 dolls.; Aromaticos, 75 dolls.; Comme-il-fauts, 70 dolls.; Cazadores, 65 dolls.; Pigmeos, 45 dolls.; Media Regalias, 60 dolls.; Londres flor fina, 55 dolls.; Do. de calidad, 45 dolls.; Briosa o Punsados, 55 dolls.; Panalclos o Caballeros, 50 dolls.; Trabucos, 55 dolls.; Principes, 50 dolls.; Cabana kings (one of the sweetest varieties of cigar extant), 35 dolls.; Medianos, 50 dolls.—all per thousand and in gold currency. Among miscellaneous cigars, the price of which per thousand may be computed at about five-and-twenty per cent under Cabanas, I find in my note-book, as to sizes, Trabucillos and Bajonetes, and as to brands and makes, "El Principe de Gales," "Lincoln," "H. Upmann," "Los dos Hermanos" (the two brothers), "Salvadores," "La Vida," "José Rodriguez," "Flor Cubanias las delicias," "Consuelos" (out of compliment to Madame George Sand, I presume), El aquila Parisiana (Bismarck's particular, it is to be imagined), Juan de Chinchuretta, Fleur de Marie, Flor de Mauricio (an odd combination of souvenirs of the Mysteries of Paris and the Trovatore), Flores Tropicas, Eo soy un angel (I am an angel, which is modest), La Frangrancia, La Dignidad, La Aprobacion, and La Flor de Eustaquio Barroz. After pears, tulips, and race-horses, the nomenclature of cigars is certainly the most copious in nature.



that of the cigars manufactured by the Hija de Cabañas y Carvajal at least forty per cent go to England, thirty per cent to the United States—California taking the largest quantity—ten per cent to Brazil, five to Russia, five to France, five to Spain, two to Germany, two to Australia, leaving one per cent for Italy and other fractional consumers of real cigars; and yet the Italians are the most inveterate smokers in Europe. They prefer, however, their own home-made Cavaours, which are a halfpenny apiece and slowly poisonous, to the more wholesome but more expensive Cabaña.

I forgot to state that, before I left the Cabaña premises, I smoked and enjoyed very much a full-flavoured regalia, for whose structure I had myself selected the leaves, and which I saw rolled, shaped, gummed, and pointed, with my own eyes. It was like being at Joe's, in Finch-lane.

### OLD STORIES RE-TOLD.

#### TWO ATTEMPTS TO ASSASSINATE KING GEORGE THE THIRD.

##### I. PEG NICHOLSON'S.

On the second of August, 1786, the year in which Burke commenced his specific charges against Warren Hastings, a levee was to be held at St. James's. Blue ribbons and diamond stars, satin trains and ostrich plumes, were arriving every moment, either by Pall Mall or St. James's-street. Sedan-chairs and carriages were crowding every avenue to the palace. The old brick gateway gleamed with reflexions of scarlet uniforms and waving feathers. New and old titles, merited and unmerited rank, were there; great generals, brave admirals, proud ladies, great statesmen, all waiting for the honest and well-intentioned but exceedingly narrow-minded and obstinate king, who was every moment expected by a cluster of equerries, chamberlains, and gold and silver sticks, at the garden entrance of St. James's.

A cloud of dust, a flash of swords, a roll of wheels. The king. As the yeomen flung open the door, and the king alighted from his post-chariot, a little neatly dressed ruddy woman pressed forward to present a paper (a petition). As the king received it with kindly condescension, the woman drew forth an ivory-handled, half-worn-out dessert-knife, and struck at the king's breast: the thin point bending on his waistcoat. The poor crazed woman was making a second stab, when a yeoman caught her arm, and, at the same instant, one of the royal footmen wrenched the feeble weapon from her powerless hand. The king, calm and unruffled ("preserving his temper and fortitude," as the court papers expressed it, in their own gorgeous way), exclaimed:

"I am not hurt; take care of the poor woman; do not harm her."

The attempt at assassination was rather an impotent one. A little crazed old woman, armed with a limp worn-out dessert-knife, could hardly

play the part of Brutus. Still the attempt was sufficient excuse for courtiers' flattery and for twopenny congratulatory odes and fulsome addresses running over with mouthy loyalty that meant nothing. It procured the questionable honour of knighthood for one or two provincial mayors, it elicited a *Te Deum* speech from Mr. Pitt, and it gave the London editors the cue for a cut at the somewhat disappointed Jacobites, who hurried to the old brick gateway to congratulate King George, and returned to pull down their blinds and slyly drink "the white rose over the water."

The stolidly brave king took the whole affair in a royal sort of way; and ermine, blue ribbon, diamond star, and all, held the levee with bland cheerfulness. Noblemen and ambassadors, the managers of the royal theatres, members of parliament, and court officials, in and out of dress, crowded round the throne to earn the smiles and receive the gracious assurances on which courtiers subsist. His august majesty, on opening Peg Nicholson's petition (the people always afterwards called her "Peg," in a half affectionate way), found that it was headed in the usual manner:

"To the King's Most Excellent Majesty," but the rest was an insane *carte blanche*.

Mr. Pitt, Lord Carmarthen, Lord Sydney, the Earl of Salisbury, the Master of the Rolls, and the Attorney-General, were instantly convened in the council-chamber, and the old woman was brought before them. Flies to the sugar-cask, lawyers to a Chancery suit—what a stir about a poor mad old servant, who had better have been coached off at once to Bedlam, testified to by competent doctors who had settled what sanity was, and what it wasn't, and there an end!

Margaret Nicholson proved to be the daughter of a man at Stockton-upon-Tees. She had lived with credit in many respectable families, including that of Lord Coventry, on whose daughters she had waited. About six years before, she had been servant to a Miss Price, of Argyle-buildings, whose service she quitted on pretence of having been left a fortune. This was, probably, the commencement of her insanity. She then turned sempstress and mantua-maker, and also worked for Mr. Watson, a hatter, in New Bond-street, whom she frequently pressed to present petitions on her behalf to the king, asserting that she had a large claim upon the government. It was on this point that she was insane. She had latterly lodged for three years with Mr. Fisk, a stationer, at the corner of Wigmore-street, Marylebone. Her fellow-lodgers had observed that she was odd, and that she muttered to herself over her work.

Peg did not seem in the least embarrassed before all the great people. Her answers were like the answers of other monomaniacs: sometimes sensible, sometimes incoherent. She said she would answer no one but a judge about her rights, for "they were a mystery" (which was true enough). Being asked where she had lived since she left her last place? she answered fran-

tically, "she had been all abroad since that matter of the crown broke out." She went on rambling, that the crown was hers—she wanted nothing but her right—she had great property—if she had not her right, England would be drowned in blood for a thousand generations. It was found that ten days before, she had presented a petition, which was discovered to be full of ravings about "tyrants, usurpers, and pretenders to the throne." It was proposed to commit her for a few days to Tot-hill-fields Bridewell; but, as she was a state prisoner, (save the mark!) she was given over to the custody of a messenger, who took her to his house in Half-moon-street. At her lodgings were found three letters relating to her claims: one to Lord Mansfield, one to Lord Loughborough, one to General Branham. The scraps of writing all referred to "effects" and "classics;" terms she seemed to have ignorantly used in an algebraic way to mysteriously express "an unknown quantity." She owned that she meant to frighten the king with the knife, and so to obtain her right. The petition was blank, she said, because she had delivered many others before, and the king knew well enough what she wanted. She grew silent, and refused to answer any more questions. She answered many of the mad doctor's questions incoherently, and at last became quite convulsed, saying, "Tears would give her relief."

On August the 8th, Dr. Munro pronounced poor old Peg insane, and the Privy Council ordered her to be conveyed to Bedlam. Mr. Cook took her in a hackney-coach, his wife, a friend, and a nurse accompanying her, under pretence of taking the poor old creature on a party of pleasure. When they got under the wall of Bedlam, she observed she knew where they were taking her to. They all dined with her, and she remained collected till the king's name was mentioned; then she kept saying, "I expected him to visit me." After this she was taken to her cell, a chain put round her leg, and riveted to the floor. All this she bore with perfect unconcern. As Mr. Cook was going to leave, she asked for pen and ink and paper, to write some letters to send by him. The materials were given her, but she would not then write.

On the afternoon of the attempt, the king, after turning over some papers with indifference, returned to Windsor, graciously smiling, and, in order to allay the public anxiety, with fewer attendants than usual. In the mean time, the Spanish Chargé d'Affaires had executed a daring stroke of diplomacy, under the pretence of an uncontrollable sympathy. The Public Advertiser says: "The moment the Spanish Chargé d'Affaires heard the report of the villainous attempt, he went post to Windsor, and immediately introduced himself to the queen; not, as a man of common sagacity would have done, in order to assure her majesty that the king had received no injury from the knife of the assassin, but solely with an intention to engage her in conversation, and

thereby prevent her from hearing any report at all until the king's arrival. In this design he happily succeeded, and then took leave of their majesties, leaving the king to tell the story himself. The king shook him warmly by the hand, and assured him that he hardly knew a man in the world to whom he was so much obliged."

The untoward prince, then twenty-four, and at the worst of his pranks, was at this time in open rebellion against his father, after the manner of his royal grandfather. On hearing, however, of the attempt, he came post to Windsor, asked permission to pay his duty to the queen, and stayed with her two hours; but did not see the king, although his majesty was in an adjacent room. On leaving, he told his mother that he would dine at a certain inn, and remain till six o'clock. The king sending no message for him, the prince at that hour drove off.

The Earl of Salisbury ordered one hundred pounds to be given to the yeoman and fifty pounds to the footman who arrested Peg's hand; but it was rather ludicrous that the too zealous yeoman declared that Peg made a tremendous plunge at the king's body, while the king steadily declared the contrary. The Public Advertiser, irritated at all this fuss about nothing, ventured on the following audacious squib, August 17: "Hints for the Biography of Margaret Nicholson. The place of her birth—her father and mother—her uncles and aunts by the father's side—ditto by the mother's side—her grandfather and godmother—also, her grandfathers and godmothers—her brothers and sisters—whether any of her brothers were married—how many children had they—whether any of her sisters married, and to whom—what was the profession of her family—were they Roman Catholics, Protestants, Anabaptists, Arians, Arminians, Moravians, Muggletonians, Calvinists, Quakers, Presbyterians, or Unitarians, &c. ? It is also highly necessary to know the political tenets of said family from the time of the Revolution to the present hour—whether she ever made a tour to Scotland, and with whom, as, in all probability, among the descendants of the Pretender in the Highlands she may have acquired her regicide principles. Nicholson is a Scotch name, and the Nicholsons were formerly called MacNicoll; now Mac-Nichol is a Highland name; ergo, it is very probable she may be a descendant of some king-killing Jacobite or other. Vide Anecdotes Johnsoni, passim. In the description of her person we expect the greatest accuracy. The exact number of inches above five feet, and the most correct and animated detail of the form of each feature. Her dress also minutely described, the shop where she purchased her last gown, and whether she ever wore a bustle previous to her public appearance the week before last. We consider the public as highly interested in all these things."

A contemporaneous paper gives the following scandal as the true version of the cause of

poor Peg's insanity. When in service with a lady of quality in Brudenell-street, she was disliked and ridiculed by the other servants for being quiet, prudish, reserved, and melancholy. One night, however, the valet was seen coming out of her bedroom. She and the valet were dismissed, but afterwards lived together at other places. The man eventually deserted Peg, married, and took an inn on the western road. After this, Peg pined, relinquished service, and abandoned herself to despondency and solitude.

The old woman's version of her own attempt by no means resembles the one we have given. With the cunning of insanity, irritable at confinement, and eager for escape, she declared she had not had the slightest wish to injure the king; on the contrary, "she had a great notion of him." When the king used to visit at Lord Coventry's he had frequently looked at her in a way that bespoke kindness and regard. Being out of service, she resolved to appeal to the king. Unfortunately, having a knife in her pocket as well as the petition, in her hurry and confusion, and fear of missing the moment, she pulled out the knife instead of the paper, and was instantly seized.

This poor old creature lived in Bedlam more than thirty-seven years, surviving the King himself, in spite of his long reign, and even surviving all the "Peg Nicholson's Knights," as the provincial tuft-hunters who obtained knighthood on the occasion were called by vulgar and contemptuous people. Latterly she grew stone deaf, seldom spoke, took great quantities of snuff with intense satisfaction, and lived almost entirely on gingerbread. Tranquil, contented, neat, and industrious, she was allowed ten, as a great favour, and had the exclusive privilege of living, in her quiet and harmless way, apart from the criminal patients, in the ward used as a retreat for the aged and infirm.

## II. JAMES HATFIELD'S.

On the 15th of May, 1800, there was a review of the first (Grenadiers) battalion of Guards in Hyde Park, before the King, Lord Chatham, Lord Chesterfield, and some distinguished officers. The sturdy, tight stockinged, spatter-dashed veterans of the American war were in the thick of their evolutions, when a gentleman named Ongley, who stood about twenty yards from his majesty, was unpleasantly startled by receiving (not at all according to the programme) a musket-ball through the upper part of his thigh. It was soon ascertained that this accident was occasioned by a soldier's having carelessly left a ball-cartridge in his cartouche-box, which had got mingled with the blanks.

The following evening, the king, queen, and princesses went to Drury Lane Theatre, then under the guidance of that great but wayward genius, Sheridan. The play was Cibber's *She Would and She Would Not*, followed by the farce of the *Humorist*. Drury Lane was great

then. Sheridan's version of Kotzebue's *Pizarro* had been a recent triumph, and had run thirty-one nights—a run then considered wonderful; nor had Morton's comedy of *Speed the Plough* been less successful. Just as the king entered the royal box, and was about four paces from the door, a soldierly-looking man in the middle of the pit, the second row from the orchestra, got up on his seat, and levelling a horse-pistol, discharged it at the royal box. The action was so quick and so unexpected, that no one could stop him; but a gentleman next him, Mr. Holroyd, of Scotland-yard, struck his arm so as to send the bullet up into the roof of the royal box.

There was a moment's suspense, of alarm, horror, and astonishment; then a cry from a hundred mouths of "Seize the man!" Mr. Major Wright, a solicitor of Welclose-square, who sat behind the fellow, was the first to lay hands on him; and he and the musicians dragged him over the orchestra spikes upon the stage, and in to the musicians' room.

In the mean time, the king had advanced with perfect composure to the front of the box, and there stood watching the man being hurried off. The queen about to enter, and inquiring what was the matter, he said with amiable mendacity:

"Only a squib, squib, squib. They have been firing squibs."

The queen, hearing the report, seeing the flash, and of course guessing the truth, came forward much agitated, and curtsying, asked the king whether they should stay?

"Yes," said the king; "we will not stir; we will stay the whole of the performance."

The princesses, informed of the event before they entered the box, burst into tears. Two of them fainted; but the Princess Elizabeth preserved her courage, and helped to restore her sisters. When the Earl of Salisbury tried fustily to draw the king from the theatre, his majesty said, angrily and obstinately, "Sir, you discompose me as well as yourself. I shall not stir one step." When the king was told that there was perhaps a conspiracy afloat, he replied nobly: "Existence was not worth having, if he could not enjoy his amusements in the midst of his people."

There was no great attention paid that night to the grandeur of Kemble, the generous acting of Bannister, the buxom joyousness of Mrs. Jordan, the testiness of King, or the arch humour of Miss Pope. The one feature of the evening was the tremendous burst of enthusiasm and hearty patriotism when *God Save the King* was sung with full power and intense fervour. The whole house joined.

Mr. Jeffereys, M.P. for Coventry, with true courtier-like tact, instantly on Hatfield's seizure, hurried off to Lord Melbourne's, where the Prince of Wales was that day dining, and informed him of the attempt on the life of his not overmuch beloved father. The prince instantly went to the theatre to attend the king.

Mr. Sheridan, who was dreadfully afraid that this attempt might make the king desert Drury Lane and take to the rival house, proceeded at once with Mr. Wigstead, a magistrate, to examine the prisoner, on whom no papers or firearms had been found. (The pistol was picked up under the seat in the pit where it had been dropped.) Mr. Tamplin, trumpeter in the band, pronounced the man a soldier, and, pulling open his coat, found that he had on an officer's waistcoat, with the button of the 15th Light Dragoons.

The old mad dragoon (for such he proved) was no conspirator. He had been badly wounded in a pell-mell fight among the French cavalry swords in Flanders, and he told his story with a simple honesty that was not without pathos. On being questioned by Mr. Sheridan, he said, "he had no objection to tell who he was. It was not over yet; there was a great deal more and worse to be done. His name was James Hatfield. He had served his time to a working silversmith, but had enlisted into the 15th Light Dragoons, and had fought for his king and country." At this moment the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York entered the room to be present at the examination. Hatfield immediately turned to the Duke, and said:

"I know your royal highness—God bless you. You are a good fellow. I have served with your highness" (pointing to a deep cut over his eye, and another long scar on his cheek), he said. "I got these, and more than these, in fighting by your side. At Lincelles I was left three hours among the dead in a ditch, and was taken prisoner by the French. I had my arm broken by a shot, and eight sabre-wounds in my head; but I recovered, and here I am."

He then gave the following account of himself and of his conduct. He said, that having been discharged from the army on account of his wounds, he had returned to London, and now lived by working at his own trade for a Mr. Solomon Hougham. He made a good deal of money. Being weary of life, he last week bought a pair of pistols from Mr. Wakelin, a hairdresser and broker in St. John-street. He told him they were for his young master, who would give him a blunderbuss in exchange; he had borrowed a crown from his master that morning, with which he had bought some powder; he went backwards to the yard of an inn in Red Lion-street, and there he tried his pistols. He found one of them good for nothing, and left it behind him. In his own trade he used lead, so he cut two slugs, with which he loaded his pistol, and came to the theatre. He did not wish to kill the king, though he (Hatfield) was as good a shot as any in England. He fired over the royal box. He wished for death, but did not wish to fall by his own hands. He had hoped that, in the alarm, the spectators would have killed him. He hoped that his life was forfeited.

Sir William Addington, the magistrate, who

had been placed in the chair, still harping on conspiracy, asked Hatfield if he were a member of the Corresponding Society? He replied simply, No, but that he belonged to a club of Odd Fellows and a benefit society. Being asked if he had any accomplices, he solemnly declared that he had none, and with great energy took God to witness, placing his hand upon his heart. From this time he began to show manifest signs of mental derangement. When asked who his father was, he said he had been postilion to some duke, but could not say what duke. He talked in a mysterious way of dreams, and of a great commission he had received in his sleep; he knew he was to be a martyr, and was to be persecuted like his great master, Jesus Christ. He had been persecuted in France, but he had not yet been sufficiently tried. He knew what he was to endure, but he begged Sir William Addington to remember that Jesus Christ had his trial before he was crucified. It being proved that the least drink had deranged Hatfield ever since his wounds in the Netherlands, he was committed to Coldbath-fields prison: the Dukes of Clarence, and Cumberland, and Mr. Sheridan, conducting him there. He was then taken to the Duke of Portland's office, and again examined.

The royal dukes, the manager, and some officers, made strict search for the slugs that had been fired. One was found in the orchestra, it having ricocheted there after piercing the canopy of the royal box; the second was found in Lady Milner's box, where it had glanced from the cornice of the king's box, which, raised fifteen feet above the floor, was forty or fifty feet from where Hatfield had stood.

On the 26th of June, Hatfield was tried for high treason, in the Court of King's Bench, before Lord Kenyon and the other judges. Mr. Abbott (afterwards Lord Chief Justice) opened the pleadings. Erskine conducted the defence, and clearly proved the prisoner's insanity. The evidence was interesting, in the proof it afforded of the instantaneous way in which a brave and daring soldier had been turned, by a blow or two on the skull, into a dangerous fanatic, believing himself a rightful claimant of the crown.

Hercules McGill said that he was in the battle near Lisle, in which Hatfield was wounded. Hatfield was on that occasion his right-hand man, and received two scars in attempting to rescue him. Hatfield fought with bravery, and always testified a great attachment for his sovereign. He was left for dead on the field of battle, and the witness did not see him again until the autumn of 1795, when he came to Croydon barracks, to the great surprise of the whole regiment. When the witness went to see him at the hospital, he seized a bayonet in a frantic manner, and made a lunge at him. He did not recognise witness, and was quite deranged.

One Lane, a soldier in the Coldstream Regiment of Guards, said that he was a prisoner in France in 1795, and that he was confined in an hospital in St. Cyr, three miles from Ver-



sailes. While he was there, the prisoner was brought to the same place. He was in a fit when he came, and remained speechless the whole of that day and the next night. When he awaked in the morning he looked wild and disturbed. He said that he had been asleep for a long time, but that at last he had awaked. Being asked what countryman he was, he said, "I came from London. I am King George." He was quite serious, and, having got a looking-glass before him, he put his hand up to his head, saying, "That he was feeling for his crown." He repeated that he was King George, and said that he lived as king in Red Lion-street, Clerkenwell.

The prisoner's brother said that Hatfield had been confined once or twice every year since his wounds in Flanders. He was affected by hot weather, the changing of the moon, and crowded rooms. When he was going off, he was always gloomy, sour, and disobliging; they then put him in confinement. From looking in his brother's face he could tell the time of the moon as well as if he looked at an almanack. They were just about to confine him, when the unfortunate event took place, and God Almighty grant they had! In how many of these cases there is the same tardy repentance.

Several other witnesses having been examined, Lord Kenyon here stopped the proceedings, considering Hatfield's insanity amply proved. A verdict of "Not guilty, on the plea of insanity," was returned, and the prisoner, now perfectly cool and collected, was driven back to Newgate in a hackney-coach.

Not long after Hatfield was in Bedlam, he killed another madman named Benjamin Train, by a blow which struck him over a form. He afterwards contrived to escape, but was recaptured at Dover and sent for a time to Newgate. He several times petitioned parliament for release, but lingered, soured in temper, and pining for liberty, through many years. He made straw baskets, which he sold to visitors, and he was dexterous and ingenious in their manufacture. Government allowed him sixpence a day for his military service. He died in Bedlam.

Bannister Truclock, the mad prophet, was treated with much consideration at Bedlam, where he had a room at the top of the house that commanded a fine view of Surrey. The walls were covered with his prophecies, and he kept a great number of canary-birds, which he bred for sale. He persisted to his death in the assertion that the Messiah was to be spiritually born from his mouth.

Peg Nicholson and James Hatfield were the only two persons who attempted the life of George the Third, numerous as were the plots that developed themselves during the oppressions of Sidmouth and Castlereagh. George the Fourth, his unworthy son, was once shot at as he drove to Westminster, and his coach was often pelted. An old crazed pensioner flung a stone at honest William the Fourth at Ascot; and then came a series of miserable imbeciles, who from time to time endeavoured to secure

board and lodging in a madhouse for life, by threatening the life of our gracious Queen, whom God preserve!

### RUFUS HELSTONE.

TROUBLES, calamities, judgments of God—ay, sir, they seem terrible when they come one after another on a man's head; but, to my thinking, the most terrible thing of all that can happen to a bad man is that the Almighty should forget him, and let him alone. Sit down, sir, and let me tell you what happened in this very house, and round about it, when I was a lad, and what has happened since; all winding from one clue into one piece.

Right away from this spot to the abbey was forest then; the house had been the lodge, and is called so yet. When the plough goes over the land, you may trace to this day the black circles where the great oaks stood and were cut down, and their roots charred to rot. Up the steep broken ground at the back were twisted, knotted, bearded crab-trees. I cannot tell you how many generations may have said in spring that the rosy blossoms of them were lovely, nor how many may have set their autumn teeth on edge with the sour wild fruit—orchard it was once; perhaps the sweet veins of the apple-grafts had run dry, and the natural stocks had put forth savage life again in their neglect. I cannot tell. The rift that goes down to the Southampton Water is just what it was—morass at bottom, and up the sides clothed with hollies, firs, bracken, and all luxuriant greennesses.

As far back as my memory serves me, the Lodge Farm was tenanted by a family of the name of Helstone, and it is of my master, Rufus Helstone, that I am going to speak as a man God let alone. The Lodge has been gutted by fire since his time, but it was then kept in good repair, and looked outside much as it must have looked in old days, when ladies on a journey, whom the monks might not entertain in the abbey, rode up to its door and claimed a night's lodging and hospitality. There is enough of the ancient walls left to suggest what it was originally, but only just enough; and inside all the fine old stonework and woodwork are gone. But the shafts of the oriel window stood the fire, and that was re-glazed, and there it is—a grand window, sir, and most beautiful for seeing the moonlight on the water. It was and is the dormitory for the farm-servants.

I must ask you to go back with me to one night at the end of the last century, when there was everywhere upsetting, overturning, and war in the world, and we were fighting the French at sea. It was harvest-time, and the moon was nearly at full. The oriel window let in the light broad as day, but a more wakeful light. I can sleep in the sun, but the moon shining on my face is like a bad dream to me even now. I had my straw mattress in the darkest corner, but a very little stir would

rouse me on these clear nights. At the time I am speaking of, there were only two of the farm-servants housed at the Lodge besides myself, the shepherd and waggoner—young men, and I but a lad to do odd jobs about the place, and help everybody.

Yes, sir, I was a sailor since. I have been round the world, and have seen fifty years of adventures. But for an event to which I shall presently come, here I might have dug and delved all my life at the earth, never raising my eyes above it. I thank God that He has given me a wider view of His world.

Shaw, the shepherd, was a solitary sort of man. I hardly remember the sound of his voice. He always whistled to his dog, and liked the dumb beast's company better than any Christian's. Waggoner was a rough, good-natured fellow, not readier with kicks and curses than most of his kind. He hardly belongs to my tale. Moonlight or storm were all the same to him. He slept and snored to drown the roaring of the wind in the big chimney on the loudest night. But shepherd was a restless mortal. He knew the stars, and had a deal of queer out-of-the-way knowledge that was not good for him. Not a bird could cry but it was an omen, not a leaf could fall but it was a sign. He knew all the ways of the forest, and all the wild stories people told of what had been done in it since the days when the Norman kings who conquered England made hunting-grounds of their corn-fields and habitations south and north, and were tracked and taken by strange deaths, they or their sons, as they pursued the game over cold hearth-stones. When Shaw did talk, it was of such things as these; and he would always dwell on the dark end of his legends with a fierce enjoying pleasure. He could neither read nor write, but he had a wonderful memory and noticing power; and, if he had got the chance, I suppose he might have been made a scholar. But he did not get the chance.

A favourite notion of his was that somewhere in the abbey there was hidden treasure. What monastic ruin has not its tradition of rich coffined relics and secret hoards of gold? Ours has, of course. Shaw spent his Sunday afternoons there instead of in church, and it was a joke against him that he spent them questing for gold—a joke he sullenly resented as no joke, being convinced in his mind that a treasure there was, and that sooner or later he should find it. And the strangest thing of all is, sir, that he *did* find it. I *know* he found it, though I never handled it, nor even saw the glitter of the coin. He found it, and it was his destruction.

That night of which I have spoken was the time, and I was the witness. He had lain down in his place, and had fallen asleep while I was still waking. He tossed, he groaned, he sat up. I think I can see him now, his white face that never tanned, his black hair and eyes, in the ghostly brightness of the moonlit room. He scared me wider awake than ever; but presently he dropped into another uneasy sleep,

from which he started a second time. The same thing was repeated; but at the third time he got up and dressed himself with stealthy haste, saying over and over, with a low chuckling glee that sounded awful in the hush, "I see where it is! I see where it is! I see where it is!"

I lay very still, very still, holding my breath till he went out, when I put on my clothes and crept after him. He had left the door ajar, and I saw him just disappearing under the trees, with a pick over his shoulder. I said to myself that he would kill me if he discovered me following him. But I followed, slipping from tree to tree and from shadow to shadow. More than once I thought I saw another man besides himself; but when I looked earnestly to make the figure out, there was none. Shaw never glanced behind him—indeed, he was, no doubt, so possessed by his object that he did not think of pursuit and detection. He came to the abbey, and went straight to a certain spot in the ruins (which I will show you, sir, if you please), where the moonlight was very strong. Without delay he tore the long grass away at the foot of the wall (there is no ivy on that part), and slowly, with his pick, levered out a stone. Then he knelt down. I did not dare to go near enough to see what it was he took from behind it and clutched to his breast with a loud peal of laughter; but something he did take out, and take away, forgetting the pick that had dropped in the grass. Fast he set off towards the cliffs. Where could he be going, I wondered. He went down and down the rift, and, when he had got nearly to the bottom, he stopped all on a sudden. I supposed that he had just remembered the pick. He did not, however, return for it, but began to scrape away the dead leaves and soil with his hands under a clump of hollies, and there he concealed his treasure, carefully covering it up and drawing the boughs to the earth to hide that it had been disturbed. It was likely to be safe enough; few people went or came that way.

Then, sure that he would not remove it again that night, I crept, and crawled, and ran to get back to my bed, and had barely time to cast off my clothes and hide myself breathless in my gloomy corner when he returned. The rest of the night I slept, and I hope so did he, though he was up before me, and when I looked into the tool-shed there was the pick in its usual place, so that he must have fetched it from the ruins the very first thing.

All that morning there was about Shaw an air of suppressed exultation, which Helstone, when he saw him, remarked with a sneer. "You'll be finding that pot o' gold soon, Shaw," said he. "You have a look of good luck about you to-day."

"That's more than I can say for you, master," was shepherd's reply.

I had no chance of getting to the abbey, much as I wanted to view the place where Shaw had prised the stone out of the wall. I was clearing the flower-borders in the garden until dusk, and as I was putting by my tools

he came and took away the spade. What I began at once to anticipate happened that night. Shaw got up when the Lodge was all quiet, and stole out again, I following him as before. For ever so long he went up and down the orchard, seeking a good place to hide his treasure. Where three of the biggest crab-trees stand in a triangle, their roots writhed in and out of the earth, he dug a hole, neither wide nor deep; for I looked at it well while he was gone to the rift to bring his treasure. When he returned with it he sat down and nursed it, hugged it, wept over it, seemed hardly able to put it out of his sight. I got back safe, and about half an hour after he came back too.

Now I had shepherd's secret I did not like it; it became the terror of my life. He gave up his Sunday afternoon visits to the ruins, and sat either in the orchard itself or in the kitchen which looked up it. I had opportunities enough now of going to the ruins, but I never ventured. He had taken on to be suspicious. From being a silent man, he became a mute; but the stealthy watchfulness of his eyes was everywhere, especially on me. I hardly dared sleep of nights lest he should do me a mischief, and when they grew long with the coming on of winter, I began to cast about in my mind how I would run away from the farm and go to sea. But I kept my plan very close for fear Shaw should forestall me with his hand or his knife at my throat.

Running away was, however, none so easy; and at last I told Helstone, one morning when we were afield together, that I wanted to leave the Lodge, and I told him why. I never knew till then that master was a bad man.

"Shsh!" hissed he, as he gathered my meaning, and glanced over his shoulder either way, as if the birds o' the air might carry the matter to Shaw.

As I looked at him I wished heartily that I had kept my own counsel, for now I saw that I had two enemies to dread instead of one, and that Helstone was the more dangerous. For the rest of that day he never let me out of his sight. He was plotting what he would do. Early the next morning he sent Shaw off to Southampton with some sheep for the butcher, and me he ordered into the garden to work under the mistress's eye. He disappeared for a few hours, but about noon he came and told me to go down the rift and gather an armful of holly to deck the Lodge for Christmas, which was close at hand. This was, indeed, unless my memory fails me, Christmas-eve.

The finest hollies and the richest in red berries grow near the bottom, and I had cut a big bundle and pocketed my knife again, when I was suddenly pounced on by two kidnappers of the press-gang, which was always on the prowl in the great war time. "In the king's name," said they; but I knew it was Helstone's doing, though I held my tongue, except to tell them I'd as lief serve his majesty as my master. The men laughed, and one of them answered that there was then no love lost between us, for my master had given them a golden guinea apiece to rid him of me.

My adventures at sea have no place in this history, so I must ask you, sir, to skip over the the three years' cruise that made a sailor of me, and land with me on the *Hard* at Portsmouth. I had a shore-going leave of three weeks while the *War-Horse* took in her stores for another cruise, and as the weather was fine and hay-harvest in progress, I walked over to Southampton to look up old friends. The first I dropt on was waggoner coming into the town with a load of grass, and he told me a deal that was news. The master, he said, was flourishing like a green bay-tree. He had had added the *High Farm* to the *Lodge Farm*, and was growing mighty rich and prosperous, and bringing up his sons like young squires. I told him again how I had been caught and carried off by the press-gang (not mentioning Helstone's share in it, of course), and how I was glad of it since I had tasted salt water, and he said they had heard of it at the Lodge. Two queer things had happened on the same day; I had disappeared, and shepherd had run stark mad. By bit and bit, from one and another, I got the whole story, but I got it from Helstone himself chiefly. I was not afraid of the face of any man now, and I went openly to see my old master, and ask him how he did; taking heed, you may be sure, not to betray that I knew the good turn he had done me three years and a half before.

I thought he was a little uneasy at first sight of me, but that went off, and he began to inquire if I recollected a cock-and-bull story I had told him of a treasure that Shaw, the shepherd, had found in the ruins, and buried in the orchard. "Oh yes," I said, "I recollect it; and was there no treasure there?" "No," he replied, "nothing at all. Shepherd's pranks of hiding and seeking had ended in dangerous insanity; and though his ravings were all of gold, no gold had ever been discovered in any of his haunts." I believed only as much of this as I pleased; but I kept my countenance, and asked what had become of Shaw after. Master raised his voice, and staring me full in the eyes, as if he defied my thoughts, said he had died in the madhouse at Southampton. "The best thing God could send him, if he was mad, was death," I said.

"When I came home from my second cruise, which was not for nearly seven years, Helstone was still in his place, and richer, and higher, and mightier than ever. All things had gone well with him, and all men spoke well of him. I remember one woman in the village who had barely enough to keep body and soul together, pointing out to me how the Lord had blest him; how he had laid farm to farm, and house to house; how he had been forced to pull down his barns and build bigger, to store his fine harvests; but when I came to inquire if he was a merciful man and a charitable man to the poor, she said, "Oh no, there was not a harder man in the forest; but see how the Lord prospered him." I answered nothing, but I thought in my heart that the Lord was only letting him alone. It was easy for hard and greedy men to get rich in those bad times.

In my next cruise, which was only a short one, we had a fight with the French off the coast of Spain, and I got the wound that disabled me for service aboard ship. But I was not disabled altogether for a life of adventure; and when I was out of hospital, I made an engagement with a party of scientific gentlemen to go on an exploring expedition to Australia. Peace had been made, the old king was dead, and Bonaparte was dead and buried in his sea-island prison before I came back. Ay, sir, what a story that of Bonaparte's will be in the ages to come! Rufus Helstone was a Bonaparte in a small way—a strong man without scruples. When I was at Southampton again in the year 1824, he was still alive, a hale and hearty man, with an easy satisfied air; the world had gone so very well with him, that he may have come to think his prosperity the best proof of his deserts. Well, sir, well, we know whether that is so or not; man looks on the outward appearance, but God looks at the heart.

I was away in America for another six years, and when I came home again Helstone's place knew him no more. He had dropt and died one day, without a word, at his own gate, while he was driving a bargain with a cattle-dealer from Portsmouth. His sons buried him with much pomp and vanity; but no sooner had the grave closed over his head, than the luck that had followed him all his life turned against them. They were fine young men, good natured, better hearts than their father; fair scholars too, and gentlemen in their looks and ways. You could not say—nobody could say—where the troubles came from that came on them, but troubles dogged them like a fate, or a providence, as you choose to consider it.

The first thing was, the brothers quarrelled over the division of the property; they lived in the same parish, and they never spoke. The elder, John, who had the Lodge Farm, married a lady from London, and kept her a carriage. She was a handsome and lively madam, but her pride could not brook the shock it sustained when her first child was born deformed, and not deformed only, but, as it soon appeared, a half-wit. She never had another to live, and she fell into low melancholy ways. I suppose she had not much comfort of her life. Her husband was wasteful; he took to drinking, and his temper was soured with the constant vexations and failures he met in his business. If it was a bad year for the crops for other people, it was worst of all for him; every ear of corn he cut sprouted in the stack, or rotted on the ground. If there was disease amongst sheep, amongst cattle, it was of his flocks, his herds, that not a hoof escaped. Then came the firing of the Lodge, the farm-buildings, the stack-yard—no uncommon crime in those troublous times when reform in parliament did not bring immediate plenty into the cupboard of the half-starving labourers. It was the act of an incendiary, no doubt; but for ever so long, though rewards

were offered by the county and the government, the constables could get no inkling of who did it. John Helstone was ruined, and his wife died of the fright, and, during the misery of it, the brothers were made friends. James Helstone gave John and his poor lad a home, and they had lived together reconciled for nearly six months, when, on the information of John's former house-servant, James was charged with the arson. He was tried at the Winchester assizes, found guilty, and condemned to death. And he was hanged for it, sir; and they brought his body home in a cart from the jail, and buried it on the north side of the church, where unbaptized children are buried. The Lord had mercy on his soul, and he died a penitent man; but would you not say, sir, that the sins of the father were being visited on the children, when I tell you that the general belief, and my belief, is that James Helstone's life was falsely sworn away by the very man who committed the crime? He is walking the earth yet, and, to judge by his countenance, God is not leaving him alone. John Helstone lived a few years longer, a broken, miserable man, but, from what I have heard, he had peace at his death. As for the poor half-wit, his son, he is glad to do a hand's turn wherever he can to earn a mouthful of meat; but he can read Latin and Greek, sir, enough to give you the name of a book. He was sent to a good master to be made the best of, while his father could pay it.

These are facts, sir, that all the world of hereabouts knows; but over the facts I need not tell you that people have woven now a tissue of romantic stories. One is, that old Rufus Helstone sold himself to the devil to have good luck in this world, and that the devil supplied him with strange money to make him rich. Now, I see a vein of truth in this, sir. I have been shown several ancient coins in and round the parish, coins both gold and silver, that Helstone paid away for rent, and stock, and wages, and which folks have kept for curiosity. One of the finest is a rose noble of Henry the Eighth, which the parson has—he took it in title. Now this devil's money, you may be sure, sir, was the shepherd's treasure. That is my reading of the legend. What is yours, sir, if it is not the same?

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